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The best of the so-called car speakers, on the left, is identical in principle to a fine home speaker.

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The Comp 60 also has some parts no home system has. Like butyl rubber edges and gaskets to provide vibration-proof, jounce-proof damping.

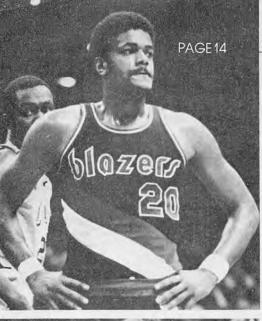
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frequency response of from

THE COMP 60 BY AUDIOVOX

We build stereo for the road. We have to build it better.







DACEFO



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In the second of a three-part series, the author analyzes the various roles of the NBA's "little men"—guards and small forwards—rates the best at each position... and explains why New York's Jim Cleamons is a better all-round guard than New Orleans' Pete Maravich

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When the NCAA ordered Nevada-Las Vegas basketball coach Jerry Tarkanian suspended, it had no idea that "Tark the Shark" would fight back—or that the NCAA itself would end up the focus of a House subcommittee investigation

BY PAUL GOOD

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Los Angeles Kings fans love to chant for their little goalkeeper, Rogie Vachon, whom former Montreal teammate Guy Lafleur calls "by far the best goalie in the league"

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For generations Red Smith readers have counted on his columns to provide not only the best sportswriting in their newspaper, but often the best writing. Yet this Pulitzer prize winner calls himself "just a newspaper stiff trying to write better than I can"

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Mario Andretti gave up his very successful USAC racing career to become a Grand Prix driver at the advanced age of 37. Last year, at 38, the hard charger won more races than any other driver on the circuit

BY KARL LUDVIGSEN



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COVER CREDIT
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KEVIN FITZGERALD

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of delivery, whichever event occurs first. Any part found to be defective will be replaced or repaired at the option of Fiat. See your Fiat dealer for exact terms of the Fiat Motors of North America, Inc. Warranty.

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TOSION TO THE TOTAL PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF

STABLER SALVOS

Ken Stabler ("I like the whole load on me," December) is one of the finest quarterbacks in professional football. However, his reputation for off-the-field carousing turns me off. This burning-the-candle-at-both-ends philosophy can only shorten an otherwise brilliant career. The Snake could learn a lot from former Green Bay Packer great Bart Starr, who not only had a Mr. Clean reputation, but was also one of the most successful quarterbacks in pro football history.

William D. Nueske Honolulu, Hawaii

Your article on Ken Stabler was pretty good. But I doubt that he would be able to handle the whole load if his receivers were not superstars.

Scott Anthony Wood Indianapolis, Ind.

Your article on Ken Stabler stunk. He isn't what he's talked up to be. The only thing that makes him good is Oakland's great line.

Tony Timbello New Haven, N.Y.

The article on Ken Stabler was excellent. You should put more personality articles such as this in SPORT.

Doug Savoca Rocky River, Ohio

CRAZED ABOUT MOUNTAIN CRAZIES

I just wanted to make note of the editorial quality involved in the article, "Mountain crazies strut their stuff" (December). It is probably enough to note that in an eight-column article, one and a half columns are devoted to a bar scene featuring a wet T-shirt contest.

If you wish to compete with *Penthouse* or *Hustler*, please do so; but let my sons read about Ken Stabler and Fred Snowden without having to wade through the trash.

Stephen E. Braun, M.D. Evansville, Ind.

Your article on freestyle skiing is one of the worst I have read in a sports magazine. We have been getting *Sports Illustrated* for years and have yet to read a trashy article. I thought these magazines were tuned to sports, not someone's sick idea of fun. I don't want my family reading articles like these, when there are so many other interesting things to do and read in sports.

Elaine Jamison Ocean City, N.J.

BARRY BRAVOS

Thanks for the great article on Rick Barry ("Why Rick Barry's desire triggers dissension," December). But who says a team has to get along to win? The Oakland A's proved otherwise. I don't care if Rick Barry is the "Howard Cosell" of the game, he's still the best forward in basketball, and anyway, isn't Howard the man you love to hate?

Tonette Giafaglione San Jose, Calif. SPORI,

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SPOILSPORTS OF 1977

Sports should be about winning and losing, and the perspective on life which can be drawn from those diverse conditions. But some people just don't know how to play the game. They're the bunglers and bobblers who refuse to accept their limitations gracefully; they're the greedy, the self-righteous, the bad-tempered, the ones who choose to ignore the rules and who persist in trying to put something over on the fans.

The underachievements of these spoilsports are too often overlooked. But, taking one last glance at sports in 1977, we have culled the most prominent of last year's knaves and variets to make our First Annual Spoilsports Awards.

I CAN'T RUN AND I CAN'T HIDE

The Bowlus (Minn.) Bomber, white heavyweight hope Duane Bobick, best exemplified that paraphrase of Joe Louis' classic line in his bout last May with Ken Norton. Bobick, who had been unwhipped in his pro career, successfully failed to slip any of Norton's punches, including a rare mid-throat blow that left Duane dewy-eyed and unable to deflect a rain of overhand rights which melted him to the mat in 58

seconds. For his triumphant modern dance interpretation of the Tacoma Narrows Bridge collapse, Bobick receives a canvas coat.

TWO GUYS KEN NORTON IS DUCKING

Ex-Los Angeles Lakers forward (now Boston Celtic property) Kermit Washington, whose unwarranted sucker punch may have ended the career of Houston's Rudy Tomjanovich, and Boston Bruin Terry O'Reilly, who drew (only) a three-game suspension for bumping, and then throwing his glove at referee Dennis Morel during an October 26 game against Minnesota.

THE WORST BASEBALL EXECUTIVE OF 1977

M. Donald Grant of the New York Mets. Who else? It wasn't so much his trade of the game's top pitcher, Tom Seaver, or his refusal to spend for free agents that earned Grant this honor. Grant's knack is his patronizing attitude toward fans which has turned his baseball playground, Shea Stadium, into the Bastille of American sports. Grant's spoilsport outlook is typified by this exchange with New York television personality Stanley Siegel the day after the Seaver deal.

Siegel: Mr. Grant, the fans want a winner.

Grant: How do you know what the fans want?

Siegel: But you finished third last year

and you're last now.

Grant: We were happy with last year's record. If you had a son or daughter who finished in the top third of the class, wouldn't you be happy with that?

THE TOMMY LEWIS MEMORIAL AWARD

Jimmy Johnson, the 65-year-old excoach of East Carolina duplicated the bizarre antics of Alabama fullback Tommy Lewis, who came off the bench to tackle Rice's Dick Moegle during the 1954 Cotton Bowl. East Carolina led William and Mary 17-14 in the closing minutes when William and Mary quarterback Tom Rozantz rolled out and sprinted down the sideline toward the go-ahead score. Johnson did what any spoilsport would do—he charged onto the field and threw a vicious cross-body block into Rozantz, who bounced off the hit and scored the winning points for his team.

Later, Rozantz said it was the hardest hit he took all season.

IT WALKS, IT TALKS, IT MUGS WRITERS

Ideal Toy Company's line of Evel Knievel action dolls accounted for 18 percent of the company's sales in 1976 and the company made a profit of \$2.3 million in the third quarter of that year. But last October, the 39-year-old stuntman (batteries not included) was convicted of assault for hitting writer Sheldon Saltman with a baseball bat and was sent to jail for six months. The result: Kids no longer spent their allowances for miniaturized Evels and Ideal lost \$1.5 million for the third guarter of 1977. While the company decided whether to discontinue its Knievel knickknacks. Evel pondered his newest trick-getting out of the slammer.

RIDE OFF INTO THE SUNSET AND STAY THERE

Many spoilsports vie for this undistinguished comeback award. Special consideration was given to the diminished efforts of heavyweight Jerry Quarry, who after a two-and-a-half year layoff, lost eight rounds before KOing Italy's al dente pasta Lorenzo Zanon in nine rounds. Jim Bouton, the 38-yearold, former 20-game winner with the New York Yankees, was also considered. Bouton struggled with three teams last year and had the following results: He was 0-6 with a 5.26 ERA with Knoxville of the Southern AA league; 1-4 with a 4.97 ERA with Durango of the Mexican AAA league; and 5-1 with a 4.50 ERA with Portland in the Northwest A league.

But the most hollow comeback of 1977 belonged to Canada's George Chuvalo, who lugged 39 years and 249 pounds into the ring against unknown Bob (Pretty Boy) Felstein last March while promoting George Chuvalo Fruit Punch. It took Chuvalo nine rounds to





regain (and defame) the heavyweight championship of Canada, after which he crowed: "I'd like to fight [Muhammad] Ali again."

All three athletes will receive ceramic shells of their former selves.

THE FLIM-FLAM MAN OF THE YEAR

Former sportswriter turned agent Dick Sorkin ran away with this honor after running away with \$360,000 of his clients' money. He pleaded guilty last November to embezzling and was sentenced to three years in jail.

Close behind Sorkin is boxing promoter Don King, who hoodwinked ABC-TV and the American public into thinking his United States Boxing Championships contained qualified contestants when some of the fighters had falsified records and ratings.

A special spoilsport ostrich plume is awarded the country's sportswriters who chose to ignore King's chicanery, thereby contributing to his slur of the sport.

JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE

CBS-TV's beautiful "sportscaster" Phyllis George is as knowledgeable about sports as Gorgeous George was about nuclear physics. Phyllis' outstanding contribution as a spoilsport is her weekly amalgam of music and film that shows, for example, the Chicago Bears' Walter Payton running in slow motion to the strains of Carly Simon's "Nobody Does It Better."

Phyllis receives a slow-motion film of one of her spoilsport interviews to the strains of Carly Simon's "You're So Vain."

JUST ANOTHER UGLY FACE

Spoilsport Hall of Famer Howard Cosell's inept TV observations during the last World Series had one bright spot for fans—the assignment necessitated his absence from two Monday Night Football broadcasts, both of which, for a change, were a pleasure to the ears.

THE WORST DEAL OF 1977

So many teams bungle so many deals each year that this category was crowded with candidates. But the worst trade of 1977 had to be that engineered by the NFL's New York Giants, who sent quarterback Craig Morton to Denver for quarterback Steve Ramsey. Morton led the Broncos to their best season ever—12-2—and took them to Super Bowl XII.

Ramsey was quickly cut from the Giants, who finished the year with a 5-9 record while Ramsey was starting a floor-finishing business in Dallas.

THE MOUTH OF THE SOUTH AWARD

Goes to Atlanta Hawks and Braves



owner Ted Turner, who told an audience last winter that he had many reasons to dislike agent Jerry Kapstein "besides the fact that he wears a full-length fur coat and is a Jew."

PRESTONE, PRESTONE, YOU NEED PRESTONE

The St. Louis Cardinals were 7-3 and headed for the playoffs until their radiator froze and they lost to the Dolphins, the Giants and the Redskins. The Cards bottomed off their season by losing to the Tampa Bay Buccaneers 17-7. It was only the second victory for Tampa Bay.

Honorable mention goes to the Bucs' first victim, the New Orleans Saints. Saints quarterback Archie Manning said it would be "a disgrace" to lose to Tampa Bay. Pride goeth before a spoil-sport, Archie.

SORE LOSERS OF 1977

A tie for first between two perennial spoilsports. Ohio State football coach Woody Hayes took a swing at ABC-TV cameraman Michael Freedman late in the Buckeyes' 14-6 loss to Michigan last November 19 saying Freedman was "too close to me." Woody moved ten feet to lash out at the man. Co-champion is Jimmy Connors, whose ill-mannered behavior at Forest Hills last year set a new standard for tennis spoilsports.

THE ESPRIT DE CORPS CUP

To the New England Pariots' prized offensive linemen, spoilsports John Hannah and Leon Gray, who sat out the Pats' first three games while demanding more generous contracts. The Pats, preseason picks to make the playoffs, beat Kansas City, then lost to the Browns and Jets by 30-27 scores, two upset losses which ended up costing the team a playoff spot.

THE SEVERED NOSE TROPHY

To the man who most effectively cut off his nose to spite his face, Baltimore Oriole manager Earl Weaver. His team was tied for second, two and a half games behind the Yankees on September 15, when it played the Bluejays on a rainy night in Toronto. In the eighth inning, with the Orioles behind, 4-0, Weaver demanded that umpires order the removal of tarps which were covering the bullpen areas in foul grounds. The umps refused and Weaver pulled his team off the field and forfeited the game.

The Orioles finished the season tied for second with Boston and had to split second- and third-place money. Had they won that Toronto game, the Orioles would have beaten the Red Sox for second place, and the Birds might have won an additional \$1,000 a man.

We invite our readers to suggest additions to the lists.

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GRADE YOURSELF 18-20 EXCELLENT 15-17 VERY GOOD 12-14 FAIR

- 1. Who led the NBA in on-court fights (4) last season?
- a. Maurice Lucas
- b. Rick Barry
- c. Artis Gilmore

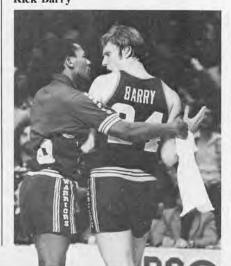


Artis Gilmore

- 2. Who was the youngest player (20 years old) to score 50 or more goals in an NHL season?
- a. Pierre Larouche, Pittsburgh
- b. Danny Gare, Buffalo
- c. Guy Lafleur, Montreal
- 3. Which NFL player never wrestled professionally?
- a. Ernie Ladd
- b. Conrad Dobler
- c. Russ Francis
- d. Wahoo McDaniel
- 4. In 1977 which team had the most Rookies of the Year (4) on its roster at the same time?
- a. Chicago Black Hawks
- b. Los Angeles Lakers
- c. Cincinnati Reds
- 5. Which athlete played on a team that won the World Series and also on a team that won the NBA championship?
- a. Dave DeBusschere
- b. Ron Reed
- c. Gene Conley
- 6. Name the only three teams in majorleague baseball, football, hockey and basketball whose nicknames don't end in s.

- 7. Who was the first player in NHL history to get a hat trick (three or more goals) in two consecutive games?
- a. Rick Martin
- b. Steve Vickers
- c. Claude Larose
- 8. Which of these sports figures did not attend Florida State?
- a. Fred Biletnikoff
- b. Rick Barry
- c. Dave Cowens
- d. Dick Howser
- e. Burt Reynolds
- 9. The all-time NBA career leader in personal fouls (3,855) is
- a. Walt Bellamy
- b. Bailey Howell
- c. Hal Greer
- 10. Who is the only player to win a bigleague batting title without hitting a triple in that year?
- a. Bill Madlock, 1976
- b. Ernie Lombardi, 1942
- c. Ted Williams, 1957
- 11. Whose record of 20,880 points did Wilt Chamberlain surpass when he became the all-time NBA career scoring leader in the 1965-66 season?
- a. Bob Pettit
- b. Dolph Schayes
- c. Bob Cousy
- 12. In the NFL, when a team is called for offensive holding in its own end zone, the penalty is
- a. loss of down
- b. half the distance to its goal and loss of down
- c. a safety
- 13. Which forward holds the NHL mark for most short-handed goals (10) in a season?
- a. Marcel Dionne, L.A. Kings
- b. Ed Westfall, N.Y. Islanders
- c. Don Luce, Buffalo Sabres
- 14. When Jim Bunning pitched his per-

Rick Barry



fect game against the Mets on Father's Day, 1964, what future no-hit pitcher started the second game of that doubleheader for the Phils?

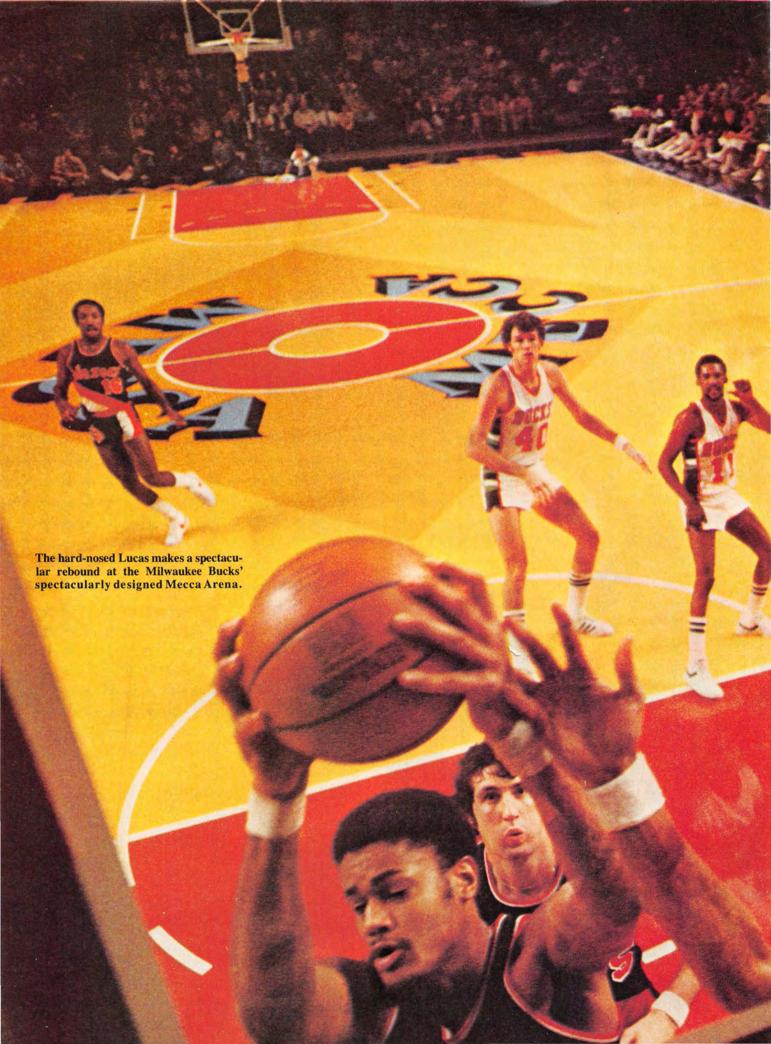
- a. Rick Wise
- b. Ray Washburn
- c. Bo Belinsky
- 15. From 1967 through 1977, which of these cities had the most championship teams (7) in major-league baseball, football, hockey and basketball (ABA included)?
- a. Oakland
- b. Boston
- c. New York
- 16. The longest game in Stanley Cup history-Detroit's 1-0 victory over Montreal in 1936-was decided in the

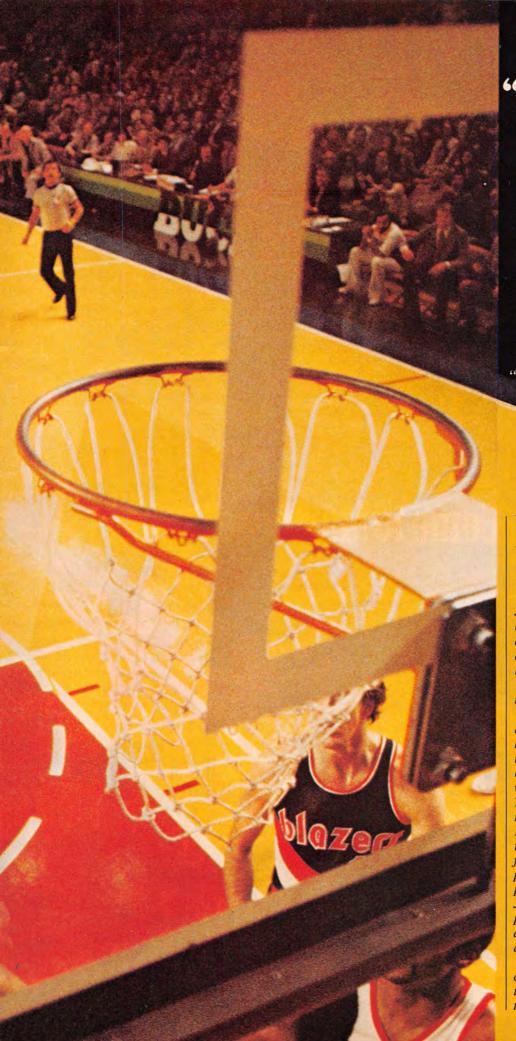


Maurice Lucas

- a. 4th overtime
- b. 6th overtime
- c. 7th overtime
- 17. In what league did the Houston Mavericks, Anaheim Amigos and New Orleans Buccaneers play?
- a. American Basketball Association
- b. American Association (baseball)
- c. North American Soccer League
- 18. Name the last Heisman Trophy winner to be picked No. 1 overall in the NFL draft.
- 19. Which team led the NBA in turnovers (2,011) last season?
- a. San Antonio Spurs
- b. Milwaukee Bucks
- c. Denver Nuggets
- 20. Which man played in two Super Bowls and in an ABA championship final?
- a. Lonnie Wright
- b. Ron Widby
- c. Cotton Nash







"I don't want anybody in my territory"

Says the toughest forward in the NBA, Maurice Lucas of the Portland Trail Blazers, who also says, "My whole life is a search for peace within"

by MARTY BELL

Philadelphia

Julius Erving of the 76ers puts the ball to the floor of the Spectrum, dribbles to his right across the key and lofts a soft, one-handed, off-balanced pitch toward the basket. The ball dances around the orange rim deciding whether or not to drop.

Maurice Lucas, a 6-foot-9 bulldozer disguised in a Trail Blazers uniform, is waiting for the ball to the right of the hoop. His left arm is behind him, wrapped around Caldwell Jones' back, holding the 6-11 76er center in place. Jones wiggles to free himself but cannot escape Lucas' grasp. As the ball falls off the rim, Lucas removes his arm from Jones' back but keeps his opponent in place by leaning back and pressing his 218 pounds against Jones, who must now feel as if he is pinned beneath a car. The ball falls directly into Lucas' outstretched arms.

Play moves to the other end of the court. Lucas sets himself seven feet to the left of the basket, his back to the hoop and to George Mc Ginnis.

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Maurice Lucas

As the ball swings around the periphery, Lucas' right elbow swings back and forth, pounding away at McGinnis' ribs. McGinnis, who is not accustomed to such abuse, gets disgusted and grabs for the swinging elbow. But before he can grasp it, Lucas jumps three feet away from him, takes a pass, spins around and puts up a ten-foot jump shot. As McGinnis stands there flat-footed, his palm empty, wondering where the annoying elbow has gone, Lucas' shot brushes off the backboard and through

Phoenix

On an off-day, following a win over the Phoenix Suns the previous evening, Maruice Lucas rents a car and drives 60 miles through the desert to visit the healing waters at Indian Hot Springs, Ariz. He undresses and enters the 119degree mineral waters, wades for an hour, dips into a mud bath, then returns to the springs. "It was the most peaceful experience I've ever had," he says. "I find my solitude in water. The sound soothes my mind. I can swim in it, watch it or just listen. That peace is what I'm always striving for.'

Just looking at Maurice Lucas suggests that you deal with him cautiously. His shoulders slope upward from his neck and are wide enough to support a stack of hardcover books. His arms reach nearly to his knees when he is upright and his arm muscles spread out from shoulder to wrist, like a mountain range. His rugged, angular face has a scar on its right cheek and scraggly hair growing on its chin.

When he opens his mouth, you expect him to growl, but he whispers. You expect him to breathe fire, to burn you with anger and toughness, but you are bathed instead with restraint and maturity that seem beyond his 25 years.

This contrast between the way Maurice Lucas looks and sounds, between his rugged appearance and his soft manner, parallels the contrast between the way he plays basketball and the way he lives. "My whole life is a search for peace within," he says. "I know that phrase is tossed around a lot today. What it means to me is accepting the situation around oneself, accepting the things you cannot change, being able to live with them without anger. And then, calmly going about changing the things you have control over. One of the things I can always control is my basketball. I can be as good as I want to be and I'll do anything to be good. I know I'm basically passive and you can't be successful that way. So, to be successful, I have to consciously work myself into a rage.

"I guess you can say that I live peace-

fully and I play angry."

Last season, after two years as a consistent but unspectacular workhorse with the Spirits of St. Louis and the Kentucky Colonels of the ABA (where his greatest notoriety came from giving Julius Erving a black eye and decking Artis Gilmore), Lucas came to the Portland Trail Blazers in the 1976 dispersal draft. He quickly established himself as the toughest forward and perhaps the toughest player in the league. "He was certainly the best power forward in our league last year," says Bill Fitch, the coach of the Cleveland Cavaliers.

Lucas led the world champion Trail Blazers in scoring during the regular season (20.2 points per game) and the playoffs (21.2 ppg), and with Bill Walton formed the league's most effective rebounding combination. In the NBA, where every squad has an abundance of shooters, the team controlling the boards will be the most effective.

But it has not been Lucas' considerable skills and statistics that have gained him attention. Instead, he has

Lucas: "To be successful, I have to consciously work myself into a rage"

become known as the enforcer or the intimidator-as a player who would throw a block, an elbow or even a punch to discourage the aggressiveness of his opponents. Within the overall flow of a basketball game, there is a smaller game going on: A game of one-upmanship among the biggest men who crowd under the basket. In this area, which can be compared to the "pit" in football, strong men mete out physical punishment and expect it in return. Lucas metes out more than anyone else and discourages retaliation.

There are voices around the league who claim that his style is extralegal. 'The officials in this league are very impressionable," says Stan Albeck, an assistant coach with the Los Angeles Lakers. "If you do something that's not in the rules long enough, it becomes part of the unwritten rules. Lucas now has a license. He can put his body on people when others cannot.'

But most of his opponents seem to respect and even envy his intensity. "Sure you get upset when he pulls his stuff and the ref doesn't see it," says Jim McMillian of the Knicks. "But you know you'd do the same thing if you could and so you respect him for getting away with it."

"The smart players like Lucas," says Normie Drucker, the supervisor of NBA officials, "use their bodies to punish other players. The people who get in trouble use their hands. You'll notice that when the ball goes up, Walton and Lucas put their hands in the air where the official can see them. Then, they can probably get away with anything they can do with their bodies.'

In the past, physical players like Lucas have not received as much attention as the finesse players whose grace makes basketball the most aesthetically pleasing of sports. But last year the game changed due to the fusion of the National and American Basketball Associations. Lucas was at the forefront of that change and thus became the center of some controversy. "The ABA made our game rougher by bringing us more physical strength," says Cleveland's Fitch. "I always said that the difference between the leagues was that we [the NBA] had the legitimate centers and they [the ABA] had a group of strong forwards, who played best facing the basket, acting as centers. When the leagues merged, their centers came over here and played forward. A few years back the only power forwards we had were Paul Silas and Jim Brewer. From the ABA we got George McGinnis, Marvin Barnes, Moses Malone, Maurice Lucas. They had a big effect on the roughness in this league. And Lucas is the roughest of all."

Lucas badgered forwards who dared to challenge him throughout last season, but it took an incident in the second game of last year's nationally televised playoff finals in Philadelphia to make his rough style a cause célèbre. With just 4:25 left in the game and the Blazers behind by an embarrassing 20 points, Bob Gross of Portland and Darryl Dawkins of Philadelphia went up for a rebound and fell to the floor. Dawkins, who is generally considered the strongest man in the league, violently ripped the ball away from Gross. Gross jumped to his feet and squared off with Dawkins. Doug Collins of Philadelphia grabbed Gross from behind. Dawkins threw a wild left that missed Gross and hit Collins in the eye. Lucas, standing to the side, charged Dawkins and punched him in the back of the neck. Lucas had landed a cheap shot on a man no sane athlete would dare attack.

The next day the teams returned to Portland for the third game. When George McGinnis-who has been Lucas' friend since their days in the ABA-arrived at his hotel room, he received a phone call from Maurice. "He was practically crying to me,' McGinnis says. "He said he was embarrassed by what he had done. Maurice | 17

Maurice Lucas

gives you a worse beating than anyone in the game, but underneath he's really a pussycat."

Before the third game began, Lucas walked over to the 76ers' bench and, in front of a full house and a national television audience, shook Dawkins' hand. The gesture appeared strategic and Dawkins was so humbled that he played without aggressiveness for the next four games-all of which Portland won. Lucas denies that the handshake was a ploy. "I just didn't like what had happened," he says now, stretched out on a brown carpet in the home he and his wife Rita rent in Beaverton, Ore. "I wasn't real impressed with myself. You think about it and say, 'Was that necessary or not?' I don't know why I did it. That's not really me."

"How does a man who is so intent on passivity in his life become so rough on the court?" he is asked. "I guess I overcompensate for being such a relaxed person," he says.

"Is there some trick you use to get yourself revved up to play?"

"No trick," he says. "Meditation."
"But isn't Transcendental Medita-

tion supposed to calm you?"

He smiles and wiggles his eyebrows. "That's what I hear," he says. "But that's not what it does to me."

Boston

Celtic forward Sidney Wicks bobs his shoulders up and down, attempting to force the man guarding him, Maurice Lucas, into committing himself so that Wicks can take an unencumbered jump shot. But Lucas does not commit himself. Finally Wicks forces a brick of a jump shot that bangs off the back of the rim. Fortunately his teammate, center Dave Cowens, is waiting under the basket to tap the ball in.

Lucas is angry that his defense has not prevented the Celtic basket. He passes the ball in bounds and runs down the court, huffing and groaning, making the noises that George Mc Ginnis says sound like an "engine pulling into a station." Lucas stops at the top of the key, claps his hands demanding the ball and releases a 17-foot jump shot. This shot also hits the back of the rim. But Lucas scuds around Wicks, who is standing in the lane, gets the rebound and scores an easy layup.

The play returns to the Celtics' end and the ball returns to Wicks. He bobs again, but Lucas is still not fooled. Wicks forces another shot. Lucas goes high in the air with him and slams the ball back at Wicks' face. Wicks is disgruntled and for the remainder of the evening he will score only two points. Lucas scores 18, makes 18 rebounds and the Trail Blazers win by 31 points.

Cleveland

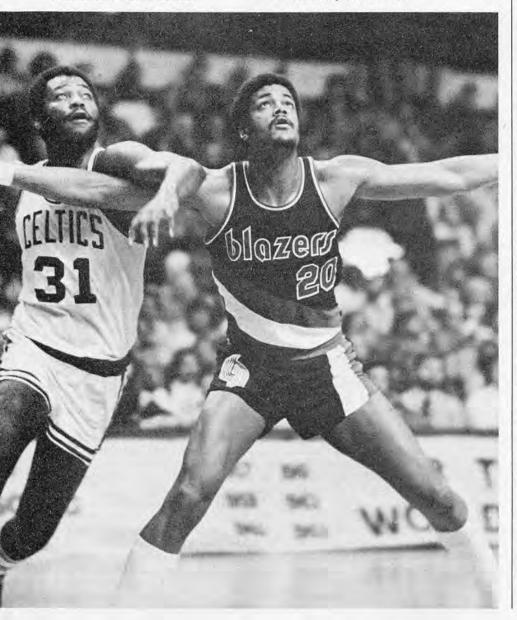
The Trail Blazers arrive in town a day before their scheduled meeting with the Cavaliers. Maurice Lucas rents a car and drives 100 miles to the Hill District of Pittsburgh where he grew up. He parks his car and chats with people he knows and with some he doesn't know. "As long as I stay close enough to what you might call the real people," he says, "the people who aren't phoney and don't want anything from you, then I think I'll be alright in this business. Then I won't lose my head.

"In Portland during the summer, I run what we call an Involvement Project where we take the poor kids and mix basketball clinics with lectures about real problems they got to face every day. There are a few bad kids that I even see during the season. I get a lot of satisfaction out of seeing kids happy."

Maurice Lucas' father disappeared when the boy was six, and he and his older brother and sister were raised by their mother, who worked for a tuberculosis fund-raising organization. The first game he played as a child was hitting supermarkets and fruit markets with the kids on the street. "It was just as much survival as fun," he says, "because we didn't have any money. Some of the guys got caught. I was too sly and too careful for that to happen to me."

As a sophomore at Schenley High School, Lucas was a skinny six-foot guard. At that position, he learned to play facing the basket. At that size, he learned he had to be rough on the playgrounds to protect himself.

When opponents, such as Celtic Tommy Boswell (left), try for basket position, Lucas says, "I have to force them out."





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Maurice Lucas

His coach at Schenley, Spencer Watkins, advocated the kind of ball you play on a playground where there's one court and 20 guys who want it. "With Watkins," Lucas says, "if and when we lost, it wasn't going to be because of our physical condition or our toughness. We ran the hills around the school, spent a lot of time diving after loose balls, used a lot of forearms."

Between his sophomore and junior years, Lucas spent a summer in Philadelphia working with kids in a community program and playing with college players and pros in the Sonny Hill League. He lived at Temple University, ate a lot of dorm food and grew seven inches in two months. "It was real embarrassing," he says. "We didn't have any money for new clothes and all my pants came up to my knees. I wore a lot of long socks."

When he graduated from Schenley in 1971, he entered Marquette, largely on the advice of George Thompson, who had graduated from there and played for the Pittsburgh Condors of the ABA. "George told me that Al McGuire was the kind of guy who hollered at you," Lucas says, "and let you holler back at him. That's what I was used to and that's what I wanted. I couldn't make myself into an unemotional ballplayer for some coach."

McGuire preached a physical style similar to Watkins' and even baited his players into contact. "He would stand over there in practice in his three-piece suit playing ringmaster," Lucas says. "Two guys would rough it up and he'd come over, pull one off and say, 'If you wanna fight, fight me. He always told us that if he walked into an alley and three guys came after him, he'd be the guy who walked out of the alley. That's how he wanted us to play. He never picked a fight with me though. He only fought the guards."

One day after practice during his sophomore year, Lucas was clowning with a friend in the lockerroom, joking about his parents as all kids do. An Associated Press reporter, who was standing outside the lockerroom eavesdropping, wrote a piece about how Lucas hates his parents. The story was picked up off the wire by the Pittsburgh *Press* and caused a lot of grief in Lucas' family. "That taught me," Lucas says, "to be careful about revealing anything about myself in the future."

In his junior year, Marquette qualified for the NCAA semifinals in Greensboro where the Warriors lost to North Carolina State, the national

Though known for his defense, Lucas has improved his jump shot since his days with the ABA, especially in the 15-foot range.

champions. There Lucas first met Bill Walton, who was in town with UCLA. They hit it off immediately and spent the night between games making mischief they now refuse to discuss.

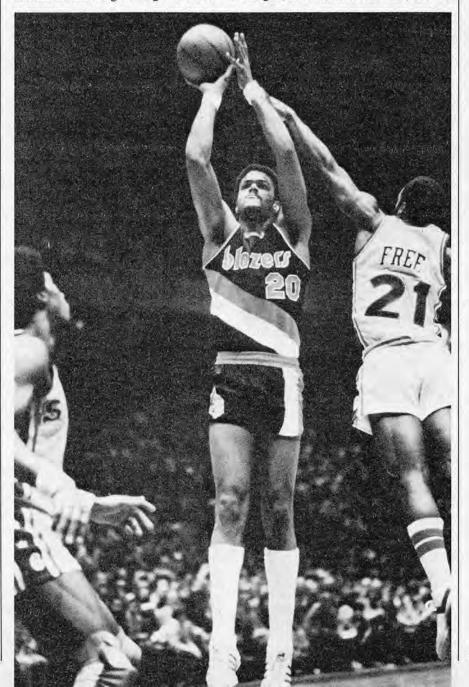
In 1974, at the end of his junior year, Lucas decided to leave Marquette and apply for the NBA hardship draft. He was chosen by the Chicago Bulls but could not reach a contract agreement with them so he signed with the ABA's Spirits of St. Louis.

In the middle of his second season with the disorganized Spirits, Lucas was traded to the Kentucky Colonels for Caldwell Jones. But Hubie Brown, who coached the Colonels, is not the kind of guy you can holler back at and he and Lucas did not get along. "We were

involved in a lot of arguments, flare-ups, physical confrontations," Brown says. "Naturally, it evolved from his own personal style. He had to practice hard with us and participate in a five-man offense, and I don't think he was used to that. He has great tools, but he does a lot of things he shouldn't do out there and that hurts his game."

"Kids who went to Hubie's summer camp used to tell me," Lucas says, "that Hubie told them Artis Gilmore was a great player and I was an asshole. I hate the guy's guts."

But the conflict with Hubie Brown proved to be a break for Lucas because it led directly to his coming to Portland. At the end of the season, the leagues merged, the Colonels folded and Brown



Maurice Lucas

became the head coach at Atlanta. The Hawks had the second pick in the dispersal draft and Lucas seemed like the logical choice after Gilmore. But Brown didn't want Lucas on his team and Lucas says he would have retired rather than play for Hubie again. So the Hawks went looking for a deal.

At the same time, Jack Ramsay left the Buffalo Braves to coach Portland. The Trail Blazers were expecting to lose Geoff Petrie (who could not agree on a contract), trade away Sidney Wicks (who had antagonized the local fans) and build a new team around the skills of Bill Walton. Ramsay favored the fast break and wanted a power forward who could take some of the rebounding load off the injury-plagued Walton. Bob MacKinnon, who was Ramsay's assistant at Buffalo, had also been Lucas' coach in the forward's rookie year in St. Louis. MacKinnon recommended Maurice to Ramsay. So Portland traded Petrie and center Steve Hawes to Atlanta for the second pick in the dispersal draft and then chose Lucas. "I knew he had problems with his previous coach,' Ramsay says. "But all he asked for was to be treated with respect. That's not a hard bargain to keep, is it?"

Two days before last season's training camp began, Lucas arrived in Portland and went out to dinner with Walton. They are both very private men, vegetarians and share interests in the outdoors, TM and communism. Walton went home and told his girlfriend, Susan Guth, "It's going to be great. It's going to be just like UCLA again."

New York

On the first play of a game against the Knicks, Maurice Lucas stands underneath the Trail Blazers' basket, his eyes fixed on the hoop, his elbow planted in Spencer Haywood's ribs. Haywood catches an elbow in his palm, flings it and sends Lucas spinning. Lucas grabs Haywood's arm, shoves him, spins him around. The men continue their bout until the referee stops play and calls a foul on Lucas.

The Knicks get the ball, it is knocked out of bounds, they must play it in. Haywood and Bob McAdoo set up beside each other in the low post. Lucas squeezes his way in between them. Before the ball is put into play, Lucas starts moving his body back and forth as though he is doing the bump, alternately banging McAdoo with his backside and Haywood with his chest. With his right fist, he massages Haywood's lower back. Another foul is called on Lucas. In the first minute of play he has picked up two fouls, but he has set the tone for the evening. Haywood will now keep his distance, appear disoriented, score only four points. Lucas takes advantage of Haywood's reticence by calling for the ball and scoring his team's first seven points.

Portland

Maurice Lucas drives to the Old Town section of downtown, an area of aging warehouses along the Columbia River that have been converted into shops and restaurants. The fancy commercial facades have not chased away the panhandlers and street people who have always inhabited the area. It is these people who Lucas has come to talk with, They know him, not because he is a star of the Trail Blazers, but because he is a frequent visitor.

"I go there every once in a while to sit and listen," Lucas says. "These people have a unique philosophy—the philosophy of survival. They have no interest in long-term needs. No investments. No bonds. No favors, Their interest is in immediate peace and so is mine.

"And besides, talking to them about how they ended up on the street gives

McGinnis: "Lucas will run all day to get free. He's the perfect player for Walton"

me things to tell the kids I work with so that they don't end up that way."

Portland is a cocktail party of a town where everyone knows what everyone else is doing. The best thing to be in such a town—particularly if your thoughts are contrary to the general attitudes—is anonymous. It's also the hardest thing to be.

Sidney Wicks and his wife let the people know that he did not like them, the people let the management of the Trail Blazers know that they didn't like him and now he's in Boston. Bill Walton spent two years with his hair in a ponytail, complaining about the city's weather, espousing radical issues and feeling very uncomfortable.

The Trail Blazers under Jack Ramsay are a very private, bland group of players, a dozen men without one gregarious personality. Though no one will admit it, there seems to be a tacit agreement among the players to answer questions directly and cryptically and stay out of the public eye. "The best way to survive here is to keep quiet," Maurice Lucas says, "and that's the way I prefer to live anyway."

When asked about his close friendship with Walton, he says, "I don't talk about him and he doesn't talk about me. That way we don't get misquoted."

When asked about his political views, Lucas says, "This isn't the time or the place to tell how I feel about anything."

Lucas' dual personality-a man who lives under control and plays with abandonment-expresses the overall personality of this, the best of pro basketball teams. They win by a combination of finesse and muscle, a style reminiscent of the Celtic dynasty teams. As Bill Russell was for the Celtics, the essential element on the Trail Blazers is the center, Bill Walton, and everyone on the team, including Maurice Lucas, functions off his talents. "Walton does not want to be surrounded by a bunch of superstars who need the ball," says George McGinnis. "He wants the ball and he needs people who keep moving to get open. Lucas will run all day to get free and he's the perfect player for Walton. Walton makes him look terrific."

Lucas would not be as effective an offensive performer if he had to put the ball to the floor and create his own shots. But he has improved his jump shot considerably since his days in the ABA, particularly in the 12- to 15-foot range and Walton gets him the ball there enough to make the forward a 20-point-per-game scorer. Lucas, on the other hand, protects Walton's body by sharing the rebounding and keeping the muscular forwards away from his center so that Walton can concentrate primarily on his own man.

On defense, Lucas spends a lot of time cheating, leaving his man and sagging under the basket when he anticipates a shot. When he and Walton are set up under the basket with their arms spread, they hold everyone else out of the area like the security guards at a rock concert. "That's my territory," Lucas says. "I don't want anybody in my territory. If they try to enter, I have to force them out."

Lucas is amused by the brouhaha surrounding his style of play. He has on occasion commented that he is upset that people tend to overlook his other skills. When asked about this, he flashes a wry smile, then says, "Look, man, you think the officials can't read? They see everything in print and all this 'intimadator' talk is hurting my game. There are plays now when the official just stands there with his eyes on me for the whole play. It's become cool in this league to catch Maurice Lucas throwing an elbow."

He giggles, wiggles his eyebrows. "But it'll calm down soon. And I'll still be there." He jumps up, crouches slightly and puts his elbows in front of him like he is setting a mean pick. Then he cracks up laughing.

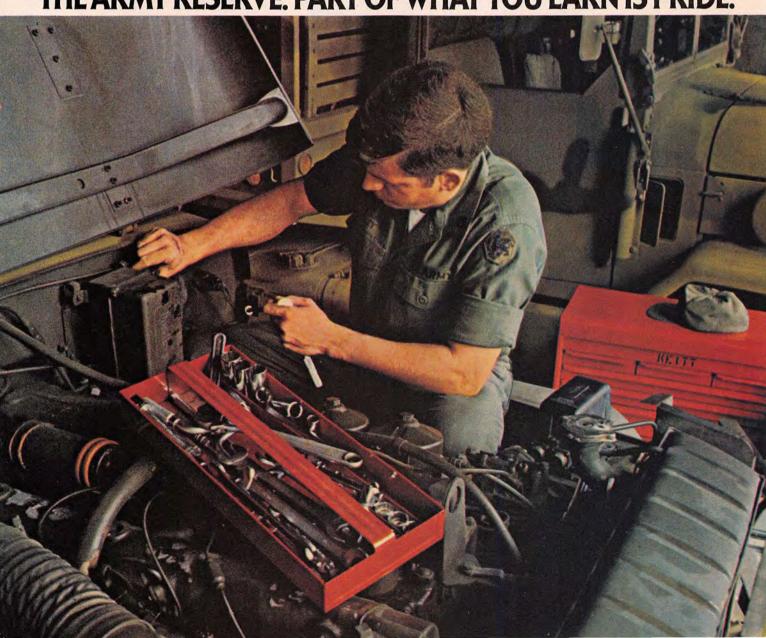
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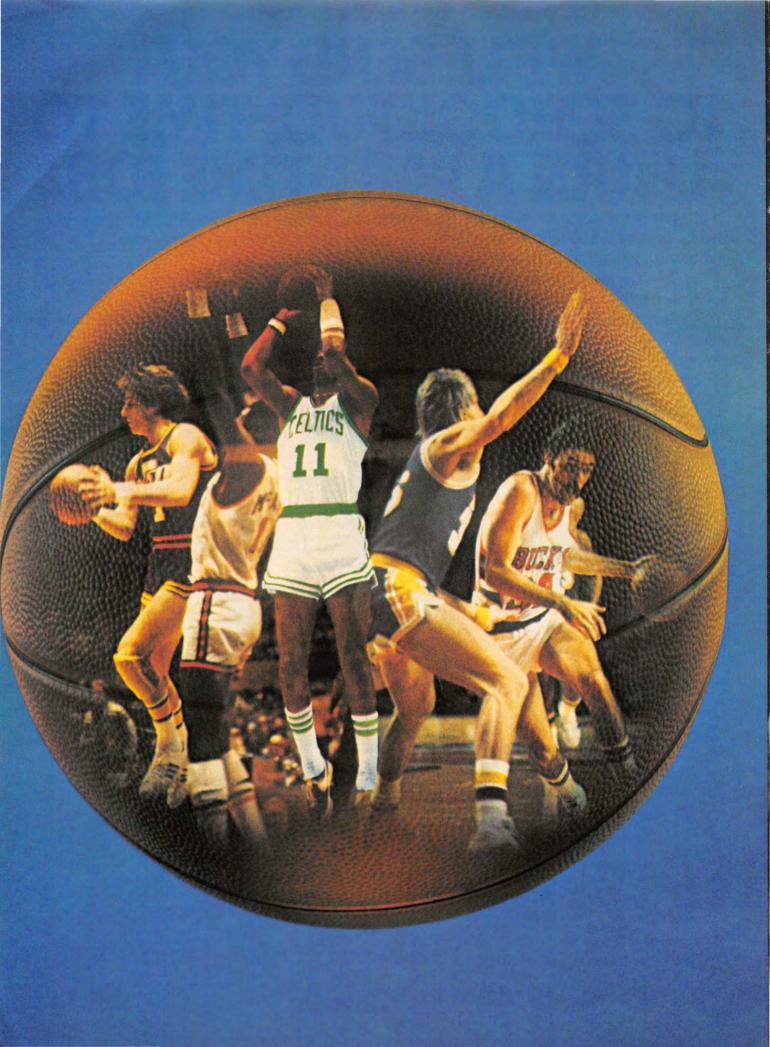
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A fan's guide to pro basketball:

s New Orleans Jazz guard Pete Maravich dribbles toward midcourt, the ball seems to glow and flash like a gold coin. The game in New York's Madison Square Garden has just begun, and The Pistol is already into his act against Knicks guard Jim Cleamons, a six-vear veteran in the National Basketball Association. Maravich shows the ball in his right palm, then whips it behind his back, between his legs and-presto-the ball suddenly appears in his left hand. The fans are mesmerized, and Maravich dribbles on. When he reaches the top of the key, The Pistol begins faking in earnest but Cleamons steadfastly overplays Maravich's right hand. The ball wiggles and pulsates under Maravich's command; he fakes left, fakes left again and wants to go right. But Cleamons will not be duped; his left arm sweeps the floor to Maravich's right, and his right arm guards the passing lane.

Jazz center Rich Kelley sets a 7-foot, 250-pound pick just above the foul line on the right side of the lane. "Pick left. Clem!" shouts Knicks center Lonnie Shelton. Cleamons glances back at Kelley, then jumps and beats Maravich to the crossroad. Cut off, Maravich retreats a few steps, dribbles to his left and, with only a few seconds now left on the 24-second clock, launches a hasty 25-foot jump shot which snaps off the back rim into Shelton's hands. Cleamons races downcourt but Maravich doesn't make it back on defense until Shelton's dunk shot has already bounced on the floor four times.

In the first half, Cleamons steals two of Maravich's passes, blocks two of his shots and holds him to three field goals in 12 attempts. Maravich tries to look for the pass before the shot, but his teammates are so used to standing around and watching The Pistol shoot that their offense is hopelessly clogged. New Orleans has no other game plan, Maravich continues to monopolize the ball with little success and the Knicks lead by ten at intermission.

The second half brings more of the same: Maravich can't go right and can't hit a shot, while Cleamons hustles all over the court, defending, rebounding, passing and greasing the Knicks' offense. Late in the third period, the

part 2

In the second of a three-part series, the author analyzes the various roles of the NBA's "little men"-quards and small forwards-rates the best at each position...and explains why New York's Jim Cleamons is a better all-round guard than New Orleans' Pete Maravich

by CHARLEY ROSEN

Knick pattern shakes rookie forward Toby Knight loose in the corner, but he fumbles Cleamons' perfect pass. Cleamons retrieves the ball with five seconds on the shot clock, the basket 25 feet away and Maravich guarding him tightly. Quickly Cleamons fakes right and loses Maravich, takes two bounces to the left, then fires a fading jumper that makes the net dance. The Knicks remain ahead by ten. In the fourth quarter, when Maravich finally connects on two consecutive shots, Knick coach Willis Reed signals for a timeout.

Reed replaces Knight and Glen Gondrezick with Bob McAdoo and Shelton, and the Knicks run off six straight points. New Orleans flurries but the Knicks win 108-105. Maravich has logged 44 minutes, nine assists and 11 points by making only four of 20 shots from the field. Cleamons shows 40 minutes, five assists and nine points on fourfor-seven shooting.

Jim Cleamons is a jack of all trades and master of most. He earns his wages mainly on defense, but his game utilizes the entire court. Pete Maravich is a media Frankenstein-a sensitive soul trapped in a role that brings as much frustration as glory. Maravich must score heavily or the talent-light Jazz lose. Maravich forces too many shots, while Cleamons takes only shots he knows he can make. Therefore, Maravich, a much better shooter-indeed, one of basketball's finest pure shooters-owns a lower lifetime field-goal percentage than Cleamons.

Pete Maravich is a great scorer," says Bob Kauffman, general manager of the Detroit Pistons. "He's the best with the ball and he's certainly the flashiest guard in the NBA. But Pete is also very inconsistent and his defense is deficient. Because he plays with so much flair, he sometimes looks better than he really is. It's important for a guard to be a well-balanced player because the guard position is the most complex in the game."

All players have special responsibilities in the offensive, defensive and transitional phases of pro basketball. But every team requires at least one ballhandling guard to move the ball across the midcourt line. Mack Calvin, only 6 feet and 175 pounds, is a ballhandling guard who would rather run than walk, and this specialty has enabled Calvin to last nine years in the ABA and NBA with eight different teams. . . . Calvin dribbles low and comfortably in full stride. It's early in the game, and the Denver Nuggets' fast break is rolling. Calvin flicks his head and sees Bobby Jones flying on one wing and David Thompson on the other. Bob Wilkerson is catching up on Calvin's right, and Calvin knows that his other teammate, Dan Issel, the Nuggets' big man, trails the pack but will shortly be arriving on Calvin's left. Two Seattle defenders are back, one is coming and two are loafing. There are several shot possibilities, but Calvin pulls up at the foul line, waits for Issel to plow through the lane and then rewards the big man with a slick, high pass. Issel slamdunks and, as he hustles back on defense, the big man appreciatively cocks a finger in Calvin's direction. . . .

"My role involves a lot of decisionmaking," says Calvin. "I'm a field general like a quarterback. But football is a static sport, while I have to read and react on the run. The most important job | 27

Guide, part 2

for every ballhandling guard is to make sure that the big men get involved early in the game. Forwards and centers tend to get lazy if they don't get the ball and score right away. If I can set them up in the beginning, the next thing I know they're blocking shots and rebounding like crazy. That starts the fast break and gets the small men running and into the middle of the action. You get back whatever you give up.''

When the fast break is unavailable or inadvisable, a ballhandling guard usually becomes a penetrating guard. He has to know all the plays and what the coach is thinking—and the score, the time, who has the hot hand, who has foul trouble, who likes to do what and where he likes to do it. Clarence "Foots" Walker of the Cleveland Cavaliers is one ballhandling guard who

would gladly slow down, penetrate and

give up the ball. . .

Walker yo-yos the ball around the edges of the Chicago Bulls' 2-3 zone defense. Walker shifts an eye and twitches a hip and the defender leans the wrong way. Walker darts to the basket and flings himself headlong into the heart of the defense. The Bulls' big men, Artis Gilmore and Scott May, scramble and adjust and menace Walker. Still hanging

in midair, Walker simulates a shot, then whips the ball across his body, under May's armpit, and into the waiting hands of shooting guard Dick Snyder, who pumps it home. . . .

At 6 feet 5, Snyder is the classic NBA marksman: He can handle the ball well enough to cool out a press and he can occasionally manufacture his own shots. Whenever Snyder is allowed a jumper, he usually hits nothing but string. Snyder is adept at anticipating and searching out weak spots in the defense. The more Snyder maneuvers without the ball, the less he needs to dribble when it arrives, and the more time he has to line up his shot. The backcourt combination of a small ball-handling penetrator and a big shooter is irresistible.

Long-range shooting has become more important since the proliferation of "illegal" zone defenses in the NBA, but good shooting guards are a million dollars a dozen. Backcourt catalysts like Mack Calvin and Foots Walker are cheaper and, in the long run, more valuable. "You've got to sacrifice to win,"

fice is the ball."

Sometimes a guard is also asked to sacrifice his body. The most common

says Calvin. "What you usually sacri-

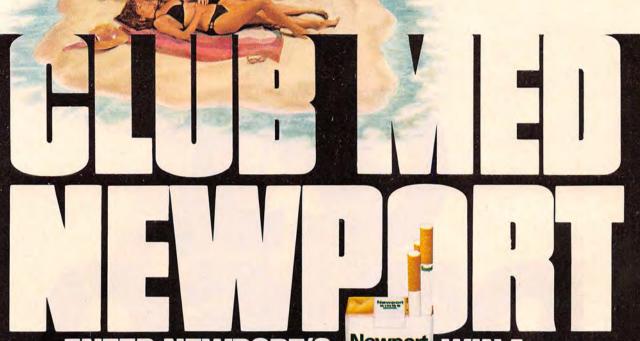
offensive play in the pros demands that guards set picks on the big men. . . . In a game against the Philadelphia 76ers, Don Buse of the Phoenix Suns brings the ball upcourt and shouts out the play. Alvan Adams, the Suns' 6-9 center, immediately moves to the top of the key, and forwards Garfield Heard and Walter Davis station themselves in opposite corners. Buse passes the ball to his backcourt partner, Paul Westphal, who relays it to Adams. The pass releases Buse, who runs straight at 6-8, 245pound George McGinnis, the 76er who is guarding Heard. Buse, 6-4 and 195 pounds, stops and braces less than a foot from Big George's left shoulder. Heard takes two steps toward Adams. McGinnis pivots to follow Heard and accidentally smashes Buse to the floor. But no whistle blows. Instead, Adams passes to Heard, who has danced around the collision and drifted to his favorite spot on the baseline. Heard gets the basket, Adams gets the assist and Buse gets the bruises. . . .

Though most NBA guards set less steadfast picks than the brave Buse, they all know what to do when a big man sets a pick. . . . The Boston Celtics' Dave Cowens is a 6-9, 230-pound post driven deep into the left side of the foul line. The NBA's best all-round guard, Jo Jo White, has the ball and the defensive attention of Charlie Criss, the Atlanta Hawks' 5-8 guard. White jukes and dribbles and runs Criss into Cowens. Cowens' defender, Wayne "Tree" Rollins, alertly springs out at White, denying him the easy jumper. But White knows without looking that Cowens is wheeling to the basket with no one to check him but little Criss. White throws a bounce pass. Cowens hits a layup and the pick-and-roll strikes again.

Every NBA team needs scoring from its backcourt, but too much offense coming from a guard position can be a disaster. In 1972-73 Nate Archibald, then of the Kansas City Kings, averaged 34.0 points and 11.4 assists a game—the first guard to lead the NBA in both categories in the same season-but the Kings finished last in their division, ten games under .500. "That one year finished the kid," says an NBA coach who declines to be named. "The Kings went all out to help Archibald score points and to make him a gate attraction. Archibald created an image of himself that he'll never be able to live with. The public doesn't know it but the kid sure does. He's scared shit. He's had several serious injuries since then and maybe the whole thing has become psychological. And if New Orleans wants to showcase Pete Maravich, that's okay, too. Pete is certainly doing all he can for

Rating the top guards

| | BALL | PASSING | SPEED | CREATING OWN SHOT | SPOT | SHOT | EFFECTIVENESS W/O BALL | POSITION DEFENSE | DEFENSIVE ANTICIPATION | REBOUNDING | CONSISTENCY | VERSATILITY | DURABILITY | TOTAL |
|-----------------|------|---------|-------|----------------------|------|--------|---------------------------|---------------------|---------------------------|------------|-------------|-------------|------------|-------|
| Jo Jo White | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 46 |
| Doug Collins | 3 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 43 |
| Jim Cleamons | 3 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 4 | 43 |
| Randy Smith | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2. | 3 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 42 |
| Norm Van Lier | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 41 |
| Brian Taylor | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 40 |
| George Gervin | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 40 |
| Walt Frazier | 3 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 40 |
| Lionel Hollins | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 3. | 3 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 40 |
| Pete Maravich | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 39 |
| Calvin Murphy | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 39 |
| Paul Westphal | 3 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 39 |
| David Thompson | 2 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 39 |
| Earl Monroe | 4 | 4 | 2 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 38 |
| Phil Smith | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4. | 3 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 38 |
| Charlie Scott | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 2. | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 36 |
| Nate Archibald | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 33 |
| Fred Brown | 3 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 33 |
| Kevin Porter | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 33 |
| John Williamson | 3 | 2 | 2 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 31 |
| LEGEND 4=ou | 3= | good | 2= | aver | age | l=poor | | | | | | | | |



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Guide, part 2

his team. Without him they're a joke. But with him the best they can play is .500. Don't blame Maravich. He's only doing what he's asked to do. New Orleans always draws well at home. Alright. Get that meat into those seats. But don't ever expect the Jazz to be a serious contender if Maravich has to keep firing away."

When a guard is the primary scorer, the ball dallies in the backcourt and the

big men feel like orphans.

However prolific a guard may be on offense, his most important function is defined by the name of his positionguarding his opponent by playing hard, consistent defense. Some examples of defensive guards are Jim Cleamons and Butch Beard of the New York Knicks, Don Chanev of the Boston Celtics, Ted McClain of the Buffalo Braves, Gus Bailey of the New Orleans Jazz, Brian Taylor of the Denver Nuggets and Quinn Buckner of the Milwaukee Bucks. But the active guard with the most all-defensive team citations (seven) is Walt Frazier of Cleveland by way of New York.

Frazier was always quick rather than fast, and real speedsters gave him trouble. Frazier's primary defensive attributes were strength, anticipation and intelligence—and Willis Reed and Dave DeBusschere to stop any opponent who got by when a Frazier gamble failed. With the Cavaliers, a deliberate ballclub with a pattern offense, Frazier at 32 still ranks among the league's top guards and his entire game is steadier, if less spectacular, than in his prime.

"I learned my first big lesson in survival," says Frazier, "when I realized that nobody in the NBA is physically or mentally strong enough to go all out on both defense and offense. It's either one or the other, and you have to learn to pick your spots." . . . The Cavs are playing Golden State, and Frazier is matched against Phil Smith, the Warriors' highscoring guard. Smith has the ball in the corner. He dribbles waist-high, bounces, weaves and suddenly spins to his right. But Frazier anticipates the move and beats Smith to the open spot. Smith recoils from the contact and preserves his dribble. When Frazier leans forward, Smith twists to the basket, snatches up his dribble and jumps to find a decent angle on a ten-foot bank shot. At that moment, Cleveland center Jim Chones flashes across the key and threatens the trajectory. Smith switches the ball to his left hand and the shot curls around the rim and out. . . .

"Everybody needs help on defense," says Frazier. "Even when you're concentrating 100 percent. Guys like Phil Smith are too talented for anybody to consistently stop one-on-one. Keeping

the ball away from a player is much easier than defending him when he already has it. So if the ball is off to the right and my man goes left, I'll stay on the inside, playing what we call the 'passing lane.' If the guy can't get the ball there's no way he's going to score no matter how talented he is. When your man does have possession, you try and deny him his favorite direction and you try and make contact with him. If you can push his hip or bump him around, you can limit his freedom of movement. Maybe you can control him. Maybe you can make him shoot too soon, or maybe you can force him to adjust while he's shooting. But you always need help.

Position, anticipation, concentration and control are keys to NBA defense. The slightest lapse can invite disaster. ... The Knicks are hosting the 76ers and the ballgame is competitive and emotional. Philadelphia's highly rated guard, Doug Collins, is being played by Ray Williams, New York's prized rookie guard. Collins dribbles slowly toward the left corner and Williams bounces in tandem, tensing and waiting for Collins to make a commitment. Instead of looking to the basket, Collins completes a leisurely pass to Julius Erving at the top of the key. Collins takes one sincere step after the ball and draws Williams along. But Williams turns his head toward Erving to track the ball and loses eve-contact with Collins. Instantly, Collins changes direction, cuts behind Williams and sprints for the basket. A bounce pass from Erving and Collins scores on a layup. . . .

Even a veteran may commit the de-

fensive sin of turning his head, but getting faked off the floor is definitely a rookie mistake. . . . Ray Williams gets busted on a pick and now finds himself guarding Doctor J in the pivot. Julius widens his eyes with delight and nods twice at the basket. The rookie tenses but Erving's first fake upward is enough to send Williams high into the air, his long right arm swatting at a phantom basketball. The Doctor releases a smooth jump shot for two points as Williams lands back on the floor. . . .

"The only time you leave your feet on defense," says Phil Jackson of the Knicks, "is when you're positive you can block your man's shot. You've got to know the players and you've got to learn control, which takes the average NBA rookie about three years."

Who then are the best all-round guards in the NBA, the little men who do the best jobs in the most roles—with and without the ball? The chart on page 28 has been composed by the author, working with a panel of experts: Bob Kauffman, general manager of the Detroit Pistons; Joe Axelson, president and general manager of the Kansas City Kings; Jack Ramsay, coach of the Portland Trail Blazers; a current player, Phil Jackson, now in his 11th season with the Knicks; and three recently retired NBA players-Dean Meminger (six seasons), Mike Riordan (nine seasons) and Jack Marin (11 seasons). The categories and ratings are modeled after scouting forms used by some of the NBA clubs.

The position in pro basketball that re-

Rating the top small forwards

| | BALL HANDLING | PASSING | SPEED | CREATING OWN SHOT | SPOT | SHOT | EFFECTIVENESS W/O BALL | POSITION DEFENSE | DEFENSIVE ANTICIPATION | REBOUNDING | CONSISTENCY | VERSATILITY | DURABILITY | TOTAL |
|------------------------|------------------|---------|-------|----------------------|------|------|---------------------------|---------------------|---------------------------|------------|-------------|-------------|------------|-------|
| Bob Gross | 2 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 45 |
| John Havlicek | 3 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 44 |
| Scott Wedman | 4 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 44 |
| Billy Knight | 4 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 42 |
| Jamaal Wilkes | 2 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 39 |
| Bobby Dandridge | 3 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 39 |
| Junior Bridgeman | 3 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 38 |
| Jim McMillian | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 38 |
| John Drew | 3 | 2 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 38 |
| John Johnson | 3 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 37 |
| Adrian Dantley | 3 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 37 |
| Bingo Smith | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 35 |
| Nate Williams | 2 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 35 |
| LEGEND 4=outs | tandi | ng | 3=g | ood | 2=a | vera | ge l | =pc | or | | | | | |

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Guide, part 2

quires the most activity away from the ball is the "small forward," a job created and popularized by 6-foot-5 John Havlicek of the Boston Celtics. In Hondo's rookie year, 1962, the NBA's quality forwards were all large, strong and quick to the hoop-Elgin Baylor, Bob Pettit, Tommy Heinsohn, Bailey Howell, Rudy LaRusso and Dave Gambee. Size was the rage. But today's forwards are smaller-Los Angeles' Adrian Dantley, Cleveland's Bingo Smith, Milwaukee's Junior Bridgeman and Golden State's Nate Williams, all 6-5, and Buffalo's Billy Knight and Portland's Bob Gross, 6-6.

A small forward's primary duty is to run, and the position is, in fact, the secret to any team's successful running game. The two speedy guards are forever active on fast breaks (on defense as well as offense), but because centers are rarely fast, a small forward must run and create the 3-on-2 fast-break overload. Most small forwards have trouble dribbling in a crowd, but they can handle the ball well enough to direct the fast break and all are exceptional spotshooters and accomplished passers.

Their precision and quickness can also be the mainsprings of a pattern offense. The Knicks' Jim McMillian is weak at driving to the basket and when he goes one-on-one he often goes nowhere, but he seldon misses when shooting from 20 feet out along either baseline. . . . McMillian is in his favorite spot but he's being tightly guarded by Houston's Mike Newlin. "Jimmy Mack" slides closer and closer to the baseline at the right of the hoop as teammate Cleamons dribbles across the midcourt line. When Cleamons veers to the foul line extended on the right side of the court McMillian turns and runs along the baseline, away from the ball. Newlin matches strides with McMillian until they reach the right side of the foul lane where Knicks Shelton and Knight are fused into a double-pick. There's room for only one along the endline and McMillian sheds his defender when Newlin bounces off Shelton's brawny shoulder. Behind the double-pick, McMillian is now wide open but walled off from Cleamons and the ball. Knight's man jumps over to guard McMillian, who makes an abrupt aboutface and retraces his path along the baseline. McMillian runs his new defender into Shelton's shoulder and ends up where he started, but this time McMillian is all alone and easily converts Cleamons' pass into a basket. . .

A boxscore usually communicates very little about the complexion of a game. However, if a small forward on a pattern team scores more than 20 points, chances are his team has executed its plays, moved the ball well and won the game.

Small forwards are much stronger than they look. They have to be tough to survive under the boards, and most of them are masters of "boxing out" (planting their bodies between their opponent and the offensive boards). As a rule, they are very well-balanced athletes who consistently hustle and play

with intelligence. . . .

Portland is playing San Antonio and the Spurs' 6-91/2 forward Larry Kenon is being guarded by Bob Gross. They play tag along the baseline until a Spur guard launches a 25-foot jump shot. Gross immediately wheels and races upcourt, gambling that the Blazers' big men will clear the boards should the shot miss. Kenon has his eye on the ball and his mind on an offensive rebound and an easy two points. Offensive rebounding is one of Kenon's strong points, so he ignores Gross and plunges to the boards. But the shot falls short. Bill Walton calmly plucks the rebound and throws a fullcourt pass to Gross for a solo dunk. . . .

The emphasis in all professional sports is on speed; speed creates fatigue, loss of concentration and opportunities on both offense and defense. Small forwards may be vulnerable on the offensive boards, but they can run a big man into submission. Since small forwards are usually good long-range shooters, back-to-back bombs force a bigger defender to come away from the basket and play tighter defense. A zone defense is gutted whenever a big man is chasing after a small forward because that makes it almost impossible to double-team a penetrating guard.

Every NBA team employs either a small forward or a player who can defense a small forward. Some teams use their small forwards as a "sixth man"especially Seattle's Johnny Johnson, Nate Williams, Bridgeman and Havlicek. "Frank Ramsay was the first great sixth man in the NBA," says his exteammate Tommy Heinsohn. "He'd come in and get three shots in 20 seconds and make something happen." The sixth man carries a fire around the court and all the other players have to run like crazy to keep from getting burned. He can alter the momentum. But often a sixth man-small forward has a weakness that prevents him from starting. It can be inexperience, poor defense, a short attention span or too many years on his legs.

On page 31 is a survey of today's top small forwards.

Next month, we'll examine the goliaths of the game and tell you what kind of big man a team needs to win in the NBA.

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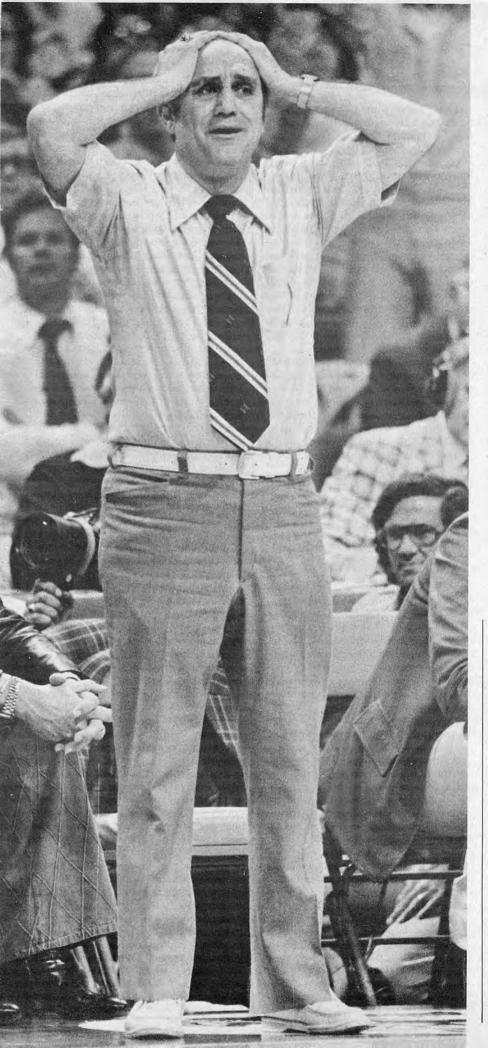
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Tarkanian vs. the NCAA: Behind the Congressional probe that may revamp college sports

When the NCAA ordered Nevada-Las Vegas basketball coach Jerry Tarkanian suspended, it had no idea that "Tark the Shark" would fight back—or that the NCAA itself would end up the focus of a House subcommittee investigation

by PAUL GOOD

or 72 years, the National Collegiate Athletic Association has regulated the athletic programs of its member colleges and associated groups. Its manual with 214 pages of rules, as approved by its members, spells out proper behavior for coaches, players and mascots, and is law that affects thousands of lives and millions of dollars.

Thus when the NCAA announced last August that the University of Nevada, Las Vegas basketball program had been placed on two-year probation for giving illegal assistance to its basketball players from 1971-75, and ordered that the school's controversial, winning coach Jerry (Tark the Shark) Tarkanian be suspended—it looked as if Tarkanian's head would surely roll.

And what a head. It featured a broken-beaked face modeled along the lines of gangster Mickey Cohen, shad-

"So many NC double A rules are unlivable," Tarkanian says, "which is why every school is in violation to some degree."

Tarkanian

owed by dark, sad Armenian eyes, and a voice that sounded as if Tarkanian gargled with lye. He not only didn't look like Jack Armstrong, but his reputation had already been damaged in a similar scandal at Long Beach State four years earlier. But a funny thing happened on the way to the execution: The condemned man fought back.

The result is that Tarkanian is still coaching the Runnin' Rebels of UNLV even though the school's basketball program is on probation (no postseason competition, no appearances on NCAA-controlled televised gamesboth of which would cost UNLV thousands of dollars). And this February the NCAA was scheduled to be hauled before a Congressional subcommittee that intends to examine everything from the revenues NCAA realizes from product endorsements to whether it is unfairly selective in the schools it chooses to discipline.

The words "monopoly" and "lack of due process" are being used liberally around the House Oversight and Investigations Subcommittee that had been asked by Nevada Congressman James Santini to probe the NCAA for antitrust violations. The hearings will expose the NCAA to unprecedented public scrutiny as the subcommittee applies the Washington version of a fullcourt press. The outcome could range anywhere from an exercise in rhetoric and name-calling to the introduction of legislation that would weaken the NCAA's grip on collegiate athletics and radically revamp America's amateur sports scene.

A well-placed subcommittee source has told SPORT: "Our case is shaping up excellently even though we've had potential witnesses who are terrified of testifying against NCAA. And rightfully so. If nothing comes of our investigation, they'll be left holding the bag and NCAA might go after them. I had to spend half an hour calming down a coach who was scared to death. But everybody isn't in that category. We're now getting walk-ins from all over, coaches and players who want to testify, even college presidents. The pattern of their stories is: We got screwed by NCAA—here's what happened.

"I started out as a skeptic on the Tarkanian case. But what happened in Las Vegas-the lack of due process and suggestions of selective rules enforcement by NCAA-was an affront to a lawyer. I think they were out to get Tarkanian. I've seen the violations they found him guilty of and I don't believe they're true. I trust Tarkanian, but I don't trust some of the NCAA investigators.'

University of Texas professor of law Charles Alan Wright, a member of the NCAA Infractions Committee that heard the Tarkanian case and a recognized expert on due process, defends the investigators.

'If I thought they were unfair I would be jumping up and down protesting about it," he says. "Since the Las Vegas case is the subject of litigation, I can't say anything at all about it. But when there is conflicting evidence in any case, we try and hunt for corroborating evidence. I think that myself and my colleagues lean over to give the accused person the benefit of the doubt when there are contradictions and that we do come up with fair results. I also think that after a full and fair Congressional hearing, the NCAA's public image will be greatly improved.

As the hearing approached, the mood of the subcommittee was edgy. It had been forced to subpoena all NCAA files since 1970 after the association-according to a subcommittee source-"stonewalled" requests for the material. NCAA defended its refusal on the grounds that its confidentiality policy

"The pattern of their stories is we got screwed by NCAA"

prohibited it from exposing such records in public. Then subcommittee chairman Rep. John E. Moss (D., Calif.), reacting to reports that NCAA was leaning on members to keep quiet, warned NCAA executive director Walter Byers not to "influence, intimidate or impede" any witnesses under threat of felony prosecution.

This was undoubtedly the sternest warning the NCAA had ever received. Not that it hadn't known controversy ever since its founding in 1906. Backers regarded NCAA as keeper of the holy flame of amateurism, protecting athletes from exploitation by fame-hungry coaches and from the fast-buck professionals. Interestingly enough, it had no infractions mechanism until 1951. Since that time it has processed nearly 1,000 cases, finding no cause in 445, inflicting public penalties in 207, and permitting schools to clean up their own acts in the remainder.

Critics regard NCAA as a refuge of Simple Simon-purism that encourages excessively long collegiate schedules and meaningless postseason play in order to reap television and spectator dollars, then is aghast when commercialism infects sports. At the same time, say detractors, NCAA expects

scholarship athletes-who are in increasing numbers poor and black-to subsist on Spartan rations even as their talents make colleges rich. Scholarship players receive room, board, books and tuition, but they may not work during the school year. Thus, under NCAA rules, players may not earn money for clothes or carfare home at holiday and vacation times when their services are not needed in the stadia they help fill in season. You don't have to be a math major to count the house, critics say, or a budding sociologist to see that NCAA sets one standard for athletes while society at large pursues another.

NCAA had been probing UNLV basketball since 1972, when coach John Bayer ran the program, and many of its most serious charges concerned the Bayer years. Yet the association waited until June 1976-three years after Tarkanian's arrival-to notify UNLV that it was officially under investigation. David Berst, the NCAA's chief investigator, says that Tarkanian "simply walked into a school that was being investigated" and that he was not hounded after leaving Long Beach.

Perhaps. The NCAA has only 11 investigators to police more than 800 member institutions and usually relies on complaints to initiate investigations. In Tarkanian's case, evidence of a substantial complaint is skimpy and the fact is that NCAA investigators began interviewing athletes about Tarkanian before either the coach or the athletes he recruited had arrived in Las Vegas.

The NCAA investigators report to a five-man Infractions Committee, which numbers three law professors among its members. The committee conducts hearings into alleged violations, and the UNLV hearings were the longest (26 hours) in NCAA history. Committee decisions may be appealed to the NCAA Council, a court of last resort composed of 18 representatives from member schools.

To keep the coach who had given UNLV its most dazzling four-year record (102-16), UNLV fought the NCAA hierarchy at all levels and conducted a massive counterinvestigation, with the aid of the Nevada attorney general, that cost over \$100,000. The UNLV investigation concluded that Tarkanian, whose teams had raised millions for the school's athletic program, was clean. Armed with this ammunition, UNLV made an unprecedented three appearances before the Infractions Committee, which eventually found the school guilty, and then UNLV made a final appeal to the NCAA Council, which upheld the committee.

When the NCAA verdict came down last August ordering Tarkanian's sus-

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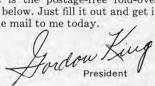
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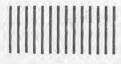
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Tarkanian

pension, UNLV president Donald Baepler said: "I give Jerry Tarkanian a complete vote of confidence. We feel he is an ethical person."

There was no public defense of Bayer, whom the NCAA wanted suspended for life. He obtained tenure and continued in the school's physical education department. To defy the NCAA's ukase against Tarkanian was to risk additional probation for UNLV, so Dr. Baepler reluctantly ordered him suspended. Tarkanian promptly retained highly successful Las Vegas attorney Samuel Lionel. Since UNLV technically was responsible for the suspension, Lionel sought an injunction in Nevada's Eighth District Court against the school, claiming his client was being deprived of the chance to earn a livelihood without due process under the Fourteenth Amendment.

'You won't believe this," says Lionel, a member of UNLV's Boosters Club. "But NCAA had no evidence against Tarkanian, absolutely none. The NCAA manual is an utter jungle and they construe it any way they want. You go into a hearing and for the first time hear what their investigators have to say. The investigators have no notes of their interviews, only their 'recollections' which they later dictate. The university says, 'We probed this charge and it's all bullshit.' NCAA says, 'We don't believe the kids lied to our investigators.' And that's it. A guy I worked with said, 'We will never find another case like this if we practice law a million years.

The one-day trial before Judge James Brennan found the university defending its duty as an NCAA member to remove a coach it wanted to keep while Tarkanian concentrated on the NCAA. Defendant UNLV's case was argued on the narrow issue of whether it had the legal right to carry out NCAA orders. It did not touch on the merit of Tarkanian's own defense against the NCAA charges. NCAA declined to join the UNLV suit because it distrusted state court decisions which were often unfavorable, preferring the climate in federal courts. Judge Brennan's opinion. was a slamdunk against the NCAA:

"Defendant [the university] indicates that if any members are dissatisfied with the NCAA they should quit and I assume . . . if any coach is dissatisfied he should go to a non-NCAA member institution. Now that would be a viable argument and suggestion except as a practical matter the NCAA is the proverbial only game in town. . . . The evidence presented to the [NCAA] Infractions Committee was total 100-percent hearsay without a scrap of documentation in substantiation. . . .

The Committee on Infractions allowed a staff investigator, who the evidence clearly shows, swore he would get Tarkanian if it was the last thing he ever did, to act as investigator, prosecutor, judge and jury. . . . [investigator] David Berst had an obsession to the point of paranoia to harm the plaintiff. . . . When one sifts through the evidence presented to this court, the action demanded by the NCAA against the plaintiff can be reduced to one word: 'Incredible.' ''

Though castigated by Judge Brennan, veteran NCAA investigator David Berst (since named director of enforcement) chooses not to defend his conduct in the Tarkanian investigation, or to discuss any of the specific charges that create dozens of unresolved conflicts in the

"It's my own decision," Berst says.
"Idon't see any reason to fan the fires of
publicity. I don't wish to be quoted at
all, but I do believe I haven't any personal vendetta relating to Jerry. In fact,
I think he and I got along fine for a long
time. I believe I've conducted myself

"The NCAA manual is an utter jungle and they construe it any way they want"

properly on this investigation as in the past. As far as my supposedly saying things like 'I'll get Tarkanian if it is the last thing I ever do,' golly, I don't use language like that."

While a relieved Tarkanian pocketed Judge Brennan's injunction barring suspension, the university said it would file an appeal, which some observers felt was a pro forma move to appease the NCAA. UNLV, meanwhile, remained on probation.

And even though the NCAA did not respond to Judge Brennan, it must have been shaken by the vehemence of his opinion. In the past, the association had rolled to easy legal victories over big schools like Oklahoma, Michigan State and Minnesota. Here at Las Vegas was a school and coach seemingly made to fill a villain's role.

How could a university located between Flamingo Road and Tropicana Avenue, just a silver dollar's throw from the Las Vegas Strip, make any kind of case for itself? Especially when its specialty was hotel management and the basketball team had its training table at the Holiday Inn Casino. When the UNLV Booster's Club (which last year raised \$1 million for the school's athletic program) boasted backers like Paul & Son Dice Co., the Jolly Trolley Casino, Joe's Bail Bonds and—my God—Howard Hughes' old Summa Corp., wasn't that a *prima facie* case for believing *something* must be wrong somewhere?

And the coach! Jerry Tarkanian had come to Las Vegas from Long Beach State in 1973, and nine months later the NCAA hit Long Beach with a three-year probation, charging its football and Tarkanian-run basketball programs with everything from illegally subsidizing athletes to having bright young men substitute for tall young men on entrance examinations.

If Tarkanian physically didn't resemble Jack Armstrong, he rivaled Uncle Sam as a recruiter. Many were suspicious of his success in luring lean, long ghetto kids to his schools. He had been the first major coach to play five blacks at the same time.

The runnin' Rebels' own souvenir program said he was regarded as "one of the greatest recruiters in the nation He landed for Long Beach such nationally recognized superstars as Sam Robinson, George Trapp, Chuck Terry, Ed Ratleff, Leonard Gray and Roscoe Pondexter . . . four years ago Tarkanian brought three high school All-America performers with him [to Las Vegas], Eddie Owens, Lewis Brown and Jackie Robinson."

Last year, all six Las Vegas eligibles were signed by NBA teams: Glen Gondrezick (New York Knicks), Owens (Kansas City Kings), Sam Smith (Atlanta Hawks), Brown (Milwaukee Bucks), Robert Smith (Denver Nuggets), and Larry Moffett (Houston Rockets). Gondrezick, Smith and Moffett made their teams and joined nine other Tarkanian-coached players who are in the NBA.

With this razzle-dazzle background, one might have expected some sensational NCAA charges against Tarkanian—thousand dollar payoffs under the roulette table, hot-and-cold running chorus girls explaining the benefits of higher education to UNLV recruits, new Thunderbirds parked outside the practice gym with the driver's seat pushed as far back as it would go.

But after three years of intensive NCAA probing of the Tarkanian program, the association came up with only a handful of illegal gratuities like free plane rides home, an occasional free hotel room, and free clothing that consisted of three pairs of slacks, one suede jacket and "at least two shirts." These were allegedly provided by "representatives of the university's athletic interests," a wide-ranging definition that an NCAA spokesman explains this way:

"It's very seldom that an alumnus or a friend of the university is doing some-



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Tarkanian

thing the institution doesn't know about. The head coach may not know but someone does. Usually, if there is someone giving something, he's going to want the coach or someone connected with the program to know about it."

The heaviest charge was that a UNLV teacher, at Tarkanian's request, permitted a player to receive credit for a black studies course which he never attended. This and all other accusations were denied by the coach and the university, the denials backed by a slew of affidavits and other evidence which will be considered later.

The object of the NCAA's attention lives in a luxurious home at 2905 Justice Lane on a street lined with palm and cypress. He is a nondrinker and nonsmoker, so obsessed with basketball that when one of his players recently asked him what he thought of Tony Dorsett, Tarkanian reportedly replied, "Does he have a jump shot?"

"The NC double A has been after me for seven or eight years," he tells a visitor. "Ever since I wrote some newspaper columns when I was at Long Beach. I blasted them for unfairly putting Centenary College on probation and not going after Louisiana State, and for hitting Western Kentucky and letting the University of Kentucky get off. The Long Beach investigation came a year later. The football program had all the bad charges but they made me the scapegoat because I was winning and football was losing. The basketball charges were all Mickey Mouse stuff. But from then on they were out to get

It seems unlikely that NCAA would expend so much time and money over a few columns. And the charges at Long Beach were not exactly mousey ones. Four players, including Ernie Douse and Roscoe Pondexter, reportedly had stand-ins take their entrance exams, a ploy allegedly arranged by an assistant coach. A state court hearing later said there was no evidence to support these charges. Douse, who first meticulously described his stand-in down to his "red-tinted hair," afterward swore in a pathetic little affidavit:

"I, Ernie Douse, swear to the statement that Coach Jerry Tarkanian upon my knowlege never give me anything that was against regelation [sic]. Dave Burst a representative of the NCAA made a visit to New York concerning this. One thing he said was that if I wouldn't answer questions his way that my scholarship would be taking [sic] away he insisted it would be taking [sic] away. So please clear his name and also mine."

Tarkanian denied any knowledge of shenanigans at Long Beach. His denials are low-key and he is seemingly resigned to not being believed as he sits surrounded by all the rewards that come with having the highest winning percentage (.862) among active college coaches (UNLV jumped off to a 13-0 start this season). Beside Tarkanian is a clock numbered with dollar chips from Del Webb's Sahara Club.

Las Vegas people have backed him all the way and he is a bigger celebrity there than even, well, Wayne Newton. Tarkanian's handsome stone-andstucco living room is elegantly furnished and features a goldfish pond the size of a free-throw lane. The house, reportedly built for him at cost for \$100,000, may be worth double that. Salary, speeches and income from a local TV show and a newspaper column probably put his earnings over \$75,000 a year. He has four children and an attractive, brainy wife, Lois, who is writing her PhD thesis on the NCAA when she isn't helping Jerry's players with their homework or adding to what must be the world's largest dossier on the NCAA.

"So many NC double A rules are unlivable, which is why every school is in violation to some degree," Tarkanian says. "You can't coach a poor kid and have him come to you at the end of the month saying he's totally broke and not find him a place to eat. You may not give him money, but you'll get him food. That's a violation.

"Two players NCAA made charges against—Dave Vaughn and Jeep Kelley—never had anything to do with our winning here. Vaughn never played a minute and Kelley was a seldom-used reserve, who failed out after his sophomore year. There was nothing, nothing about any current players for the last three years.

"NCAA says we have bad kids here. But we have nice kids, decent kids. They talk about me recruiting big names. My point guard last year, Robert Smith, came out of West Virginia and nobody offered him a scholarship. My center, Larry Moffett—one of the most dedicated, nicest human beings I ever met—only got a last-minute offer from Loyola. Glen Gondrezick was lightly recruited before coming here. But we lost Albert King, who said publicly it was our probation and the bad publicity that turned him away."

Tarkanian's teenage son, Danny, and three friends wander into the living room, hungry. The coach casually suggests that Danny take four Holiday Casino passes from a drawer and go eat on the house. "Comps" are a way of life in Las Vegas and although NCAA says that Rebel players sometimes did as Danny and friends, Tarkanian made no attempt to hide the Casino connection. After all, the record showed that NCAA executives had eaten comp dinners at the Las Vegas Hilton.

"They said I exploited blacks. That's so far from the truth. I played them when a lot of these guys wouldn't. Blacks will tell you. If a black kid really trusts you and has faith, that's the important thing. The ones I played have been extremely loyal and have helped

me recruit others.

"I believe you need rules, you need an enforcement staff. But rules should be the same for all. Some schools, establishment schools like UCLA, are never touched. When little guys complain, they get wiped out. Coaches call me now who are scared to death to talk, but they tell me they're glad for what I did. Look, ask anybody you want about me. I'm not covering up anything. Ask anybody."

Some preliminary contacts with "anybodys" who are somebodys in this story provide the following background:

■ Lyle Rivera is the cool, young Nevada assistant attorney general who investigated the NCAA charges on behalf of UNLV (a state school) over 21 months. He is listed as a member of the UNLV Boosters Club. Only Boosters are assured seats in the perennially soldout 6,352 capacity Las Vegas Convention Center. Booster scholarship donations run from \$500 to \$1,700 and Rivera says his father-in-law, not he, now exercises the Booster seat option.

"An NCAA gag rule involving confidentiality prohibits my client, UNLV, and me from talking about specifics," Rivera says. "But specifics are irrelevant to this case. Who is telling the absolute truth? I wouldn't vouch for anything. There are more gray areas than people think, although our inquiries didnot corroborate a single valid charge against Tarkanian. But when Tarkanian says, 'I've never done anything wrong,' you take that with a saltshaker.

"The only strong charge is the grade given illegally. I have talked to the people concerned and am convinced that it never took place. NCAA had all their information on Bayer a long time before Tarkanian came, never did anything with it, but came after Tarkanian

Tarkanian

instead. What it amounts to is that they were out to get him and if they're out to get you, I venture to say they probably can."

■ David Berst, whose dogged pursuit of Tarkanian is remindful of Inspector Javert's relentless pursuit of Jean Valjean in Les Miserables, says, "If accusations against me are left with no rejoinder... there's nothing you can do. Just leave me sitting out there." But Dave Cawood, the NCAA director of public relations, makes some general comments from his office in Shawnee Mission, Kan.:

"The Infractions Committee considered 70 allegations and made 38 findings of violations. That's not exactly accepting every allegation that staff investigators made. The NCAA spends \$1,000 each day in court costs defending its various disciplinary actions. The due process question has been raised before. It's important to note when you question NCAA's integrity that our findings have been upheld in all final court decisions, with one exception. Since the Tarkanian case is still on appeal, David Berst cannot comment. But he is an honorable Christian man, so let accounts of this story fall where they may.

K. Michael Leavitt, the lawyer who handled the university's case, says, "Few cases are ever heard to final appeal because most are brought by players who often do win in lower courts but have graduated by appeal time. The point becomes moot and there isn't a real test of due process. This may be the first major case involving a coach. Now, we conceded that some students received certain questionable benefits and that there were possible recruiting violations before Tarkanian. We admitted some infractions during Tarkanian's time that were without his knowledge, but stressed there was no wrongdoing by Tarkanian.

'The NCAA procedures are such that you cease to be amazed after a while. You essentially have no right to cross-examine their witnesses when there are conflicting statements. We wanted to bring in four witnesses. They said, 'Send their names and we'll let you know.' We sent the names and they refused without explanation. We never could get a straightforward explanation of their hearing policies despite firm promises to me by former assistant director Warren Brown. Berst finally told me that they were reviewing those policies and any questions we had would be answered as we go along. Which to me is like telling somebody who doesn't know the game to go out and play basketball, and when the ref blows the whistle you can ask why, and maybe af-

ter 45 games you might learn the rules." Jack Gibbs, Columbus, Ohio, black educator, who recommended Ed Ratleff to Tarkanian: "I was principal at Columbus East High School, which produced Ratleff, Jim Marshall of the Minnesota Vikings and many more great athletes. I was extremely concerned that kids not be exploited and we taught them that if someone offers you something illegal, you shouldn't go with them. I was extremely pleased with coach Tarkanian because he didn't offer them anything except sincerity. He was the kind of man we wanted our boys to be with and the vision he had for their success and future was in line with my vision as a principal. He was not just a fellow who grabbed athletes and later forgot about them. I reject exploitation charges emphatically because I know they're not so.'

Tony Morocco was an assistant coach at Long Beach who came with Tarkanian to Las Vegas, quit in a huff, and then accused Tarkanian of various peccadilloes. Morocco, a promoter of the annual Dapper Dan All-American high school basketball tournament in Pittsburgh, alternates between candor and crypticism:

'I'm probably the only person in America who knows the whole truth. After I quit Las Vegas I made some statements to NCAA, yes. Because of an anger I had with Jerry I may have overstated some facts. Lie is too strong a word. Later, I got back into religion. In 1975 I talked again with NCAA. I sort of soft-pedaled my [previous] answers to NCAA but I think I got my point across. I'm the key witness. I could sink the whole thing. But my attorney advises me to stay clear of it. I could really get blasted. There's no way I could go but down. Besides, all this hurts my credibility."

Lois Tarkanian, the coach's wife who, after the Long Beach probation was announced, heard fans at UNLV road games scream at her husband, "Crook! Crook!": "Tony Morocco? A friend of his, Sonny Vaccaro, knew my husband was trying to recruit a player from Arkansas who Morocco was acquainted with through the Dapper Dan tourney. My husband was dumb in accepting Morocco's introduction from Sonny. I carry rosary beads in my pocket when I'm around Tony Morocco."

Lois Tarkanian pauses, then asks, "How could this happen? What NCAA has done to Jerry they can't undo because someone will always question him now. Are these Infraction Committee members a bunch of jerks or dishonest? I don't think they're either. I don't think they meant to do wrong but

they decided to trust their staff investigators instead of believing our evidence. And I think some of the investigators got in so deep after spending years of time and money that they may have had to come up with something to justify it."

Besides those persons actually involved in the Tarkanian-NCAA case, there were coaches on the sidelines who knew Tarkanian, worked under NCAA rules and were interested in the outcome. A subcommittee investigator who talked to many coaches told SPORT that each was asked if he knew of any violations by Tarkanian, and each said he did not.

Abe Lemons, the veteran University of Texas basketball coach whose teams have faced Tarkanian's over the years, says, "I think there is a lot of illegal stuff happening in college basketball. But it seems the clever coaches go on forever. You got blue-collar coaches and whitecollar coaches. The white-collar guys go untouched. A lot of blue-collar guys are gettin' picked on. The Tarkanian case upsets me because I wonder what a man could do that they could take his job away from him. I'd like to see what the criteria are. Another thing that perturbed me, I talked to a coach the other day and he said, 'Tarkanian is a crook.' And I said, 'How do you know?' And he said, 'Well, everybody knows it.' The guy was brandin' without knowing a specific case. Now I hear hearsay, but I never heard anything specific. If I did, I'd tell

"NCAA is sincere," Lemons goes on. "But you look at NCAA's rule book, it's awful thick. It's unbelievable the amount of things you can get caught on. They need to revamp that manual. And the NCAA is rich. They could afford to put an investigator in every district, where you could go with a problem. Not necessarily to cause trouble, but to get the problem straightened out."

What about proof of UNLV transgressions and charges that NCAA did a hatchet job on Tarkanian? That story begins unfolding on April 1, 1973, when Tarkanian left Long Beach and signed with Las Vegas at a time when both schools were under investigation. Avowedly intent on becoming squeaky clean, UNLV disposed of Bayer as coach, hired a new acting president, a new athletic director and welcomed Tark the Shark.

The NCAA case against Tarkanian at UNLV reportedly started with a phone conversation between investigator Berst and Jim Harrick, basketball coach at Morningside High School in Inglewood, Calif., from which Jackie Robinson—present Rebel team captain—was about to graduate. Tarkanian had coached Robinson's brother Sam at Long Beach and was so close to the fatherless and economically pressed Robinson family that, after Mrs. Robinson died, the Tarkanians offered to adopt a younger brother, Angelo. Jackie had decided to play his college ball at Las Vegas and that decision displeased Harrick, as this portion of a taped transcript, with its hint of mixed motives, shows:

Harrick: "He [Jackie Robinson] was recruited and signed a letter of intent to Las Vegas, and the problem arises to this day that his mother was also given a trip over there . . . and stayed in the Dunes and she was treated very, very nicely. . . . All the years I knew the kid, they would never go with Tarkanian but he was over there one weekend and he comes back signed."

Berst: "Well, we certainly are interested. . . . Were they flown in private aircraft or commercial?"

Harrick: "No, they went in commercial aircraft and probably someone picked up his ticket here but he would be a friend of Las Vegas so that's also in violation. . . . If that's not illegal recruiting, I don't know what it is. I'm going to get into this. I don't want to be, out cold next year."

Berst: "Oh, you are moving?"

Harrick: "I'm going to Utah State . . . and I didn't recruit Jackie because I was too close to him. . . ."

Berst: "Is there any indication that he got any cash while he was over there?"

Harrick: "No, not that I know of. He would never admit it to me. But he stated to me that they took care of him very well financially."

Jackie Robinson; an education major who won an Academic All-America honorable mention and who earns summer money parking cars for Las Vegas hotels, says: "I think Harrick got the Utah State job based on taking players with him from Morningside. But I heard a bunch of stuff, it sounded like KKK territory. So I said, 'I'm not goin' up there.' Once he found out I was goin' to Las Vegas, his job was on the line. My mother was dying of cancer and an assistant coach at Morningside who was our family friend, Paul Landreaux, took her to Vegas to see it all once, you know. It was she that wanted me to go to the school. I didn't really have any choice.

"Certain West Coast schools had promised me a whole lot of illegal stuff. Houses, cars. I said, 'Hey, if they gonna give me all of this, then I know I'll get this at Las Vegas.' Which Tark hadn't even promised me anything. When I got there, he told me I wouldn't even start. I figured, I'm missin' a deal. But he was goin' by the book.

"I knew a player who got a car when he was playin' here before Tarkanian. The player was still here when I came, but he left because Tark said that stuff doesn't go anymore. The player told me he didn't see why because all that stuff had been goin' on before and how come he's not gettin' it now?"

Three days after the Harrick-Berst conversation, Berst sent investigator Lester Burks, ex-Grambling, ex-Harlem Magicians player, to interrogate Robinson.

"He put a rap on me in the street way," Robinson says. "Like, 'I got a few little things too when I was playin'.' He was trying to get me not to come to the University of Las Vegas. He said, 'What other schools did you visit?' I said I visisted Fresno, Berkeley, UCLA, Kansas State. He said, 'What did they offer?' I went on, sayin' the stuff they did, and he didn't write anything. Then he grabbed out his pencil and said, 'When you visited Las Vegas,



Tarkanian

tell me what was offered?'

"I said, 'Hey, man, nothin'.' He said, 'Aw, come on now, I heard you got money, they slipped your mother money. They're paying blacks, you know.' Then he said, 'Since you haven't gone to any classes yet, you can still switch.' Matter of fact—and this was in the spring of 1973—he told me Las Vegas probably would go on probation. 'That Tarkanian,' he said, 'he's just one step ahead of us. But we'll get him.'

That same night, Mrs. Robinson was questioned by Burks. She later said in a sworn affidavit: "He said he thought I wouldn't want any of my boys playing for Tarkanian. . . . He told me they were out to get Tarkanian and would no matter where he went. . . . A few days later he called me and I asked him why he was after one person, Mr. Tarkanian, so hard and why had he talked the way he had to Jackie at school. . . . I told him he had Jackie all upset and he cried for three days and didn't even want to go to school. I really got on him. He apologized and said he hadn't meant to do Jackie any harm.'

Berst, the man who directed all this probing, is, from many accounts, a dedicated, personable young man. Even Tarkanian says, "My relationship with him on a one-to-one basis has always been good. Then people would tell me what he was saying about me."

For example, ex-Long Beach State star Roscoe Pondexter swore: "... NCAA investigator David Berst talked to me at three separate times... I kept telling him I didn't know anything. One time he said, 'I'm going to get Tarkanian if it takes the rest of my career.' All your life you love basketball. It makes you happy when you can play. It just ruined basketball for me this year. It wasn't fun anymore. The NCAA scares you."

Michael Daniels, financial aid counselor to students at Long Beach, swore: "As I remember, Berst said Tarkanian shouldn't be in coaching because of the way he treated black athletes and that he was going to keep after him no matter where he went."

Tarkanian, meanwhile, was delivering what he was paid to do at UNLV: Win big. His tactics and material were made to order for the town. It was action basketball, exciting as a crap table-run, shoot, run, shoot, dive for every loose ball, sacrifice your body, play tough D, hustle, hustle. His teams had quick legs, hot hands and they captured the Vegas imagination. So did the sad-eyed coach, sitting on the bench like a mourner, a grown man sucking on a towel to keep from biting his nails down to the knuckle and occasionally stamping his feet on a disputed call, an Armenian Rumplestiltskin.

"It was really great," recalls the Knicks' Gondrezick, who played during Tarkanian's first four years. "The people there just went crazy for us. They see losers every day and I guess it was nice to see winners."

Current junior star Reggie Theus, a social services major with a quick wit and sharp insights, says, "Tark is a tough little guy who never puts race in front of anything. My high school coach told me he's the kind of a guy who'll be your friend after you finish school. Tark kills us with practice. He says he can't control your mind but he can control your conditioning. Sometimes we practice seven days a week, game days included. If practice gets sluggish he goes into his act."

Theus impersonates Tarkanian's voice coming through a towel: "'Gosh darn it, get on the line! Run until I tell you to stop! We're gonna run and the last five standin' are gonna start the game tonight.' "Theus laughs. "The teachers don't want to hear about practices. My grades are pretty good, but it's

The true test "showed that the instructor never made a deal with Tarkanian"

been tough. I'm not gonna lie—show me teachers who'll give me good grades because I'm a ballplayer and I'll take 'em every time. But I never see 'em.''

The fun and games and hard work brought acclaim, but it was shadowed by the knowledge that NCAA was investigating UNLV basketball.

"Ever since I was a freshman," says Gondrezick, "we heard investigators asking questions. Where did I get my car? How did I pay rent? One tried to make me feel he was on my side. Said he knew my father back in Boulder, Col. I asked my father, who had never heard of him. I thought Las Vegas was straight, but one NCAA tough guy was always trying to trick me into saying things he wanted to hear. I thought he'd really like to give me the hot-light treatment."

"They were even going to my ex-girl-friend's house, asking her questions," Theus says. "They used a black a lot of times in black areas. That's sickening. A black person comes onto you as being your black brother, but all the time he's trying to screw you. They knew all along it was the Bayer group had everything given to them, not us. I'm not just saying this 'cause Tarkanian's my coach. It's just a shame they convict

somebody for what somebody else did."

"Conviction" came in a confidential NCAA report to UNLV on April 26, 1977. Three key charges and how both sides dealt with them:

One-NCAA said that in 1973-74 Tarkanian arranged for a part-time instructor, who taught a single night class in black studies, to give student athlete David Vaughn a B with the "understanding that Vaughn would not attend any classes or do any course work." Vaughn was a red-shirting transfer from Oral Roberts who, evidence shows, became so friendly with the instructor and his wife that they signed a promissory note when Vaughn bought furniture on time. The instructor-a full-time Las Vegas high school teacher-was identified by NCAA as "a representative of the University's athletic interests." Such representatives are prohibited by the NCAA from signing an athlete's loan. The university denied that the instructor represented UNLV, and Tarkanian said he'd never asked the man for any favors what-

The instructor was a former basketball player (not from UNLV) who was organizing a team to play in a Montana AAU tournament and wanted Vaughn to participate. But Vaughn suddenly left UNLV in August, 1974, to join the pros, leaving the instructor holding the furniture debt and steaming mad. There is no way to know precisely what the instructor told NCAA investigator Hale McMenamin, a former FBI man, but the instructor and Vaughn both swore later that no arrangement had been made with Tarkanian, and that Vaughn had turned in a term paper, receiving a B while most students received A's; students swore that Vaughn attended classes about as regularly as most; one girl classmate swore she helped Vaughn research the term paper and another swore she typed it for him. Finally, the instructor's attorney, Charles Thompson, a former Las Vegas district attorney, had the instructor take a polygraph and voice analyzer truth test.

"The results," says Thompson, "showed that the instructor never made a deal with Tarkanian and that Vaughn attended classes. I was given ten minutes before the NCAA Council. I told them that McMenamin had never even talked to other kids in the class or sought any corroboration. I laid the polygraph results on them. I'm convinced in my mind and heart that Tarkanian and the instructor never were in any agreement. But NCAA's zeal got ahead of the evidence and they needed this charge. I know I'd love to have Mr. McMenamin on a polygraph for about 25 minutes."

The NCAA confirms that its investigators did not check with students

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Tarkanian

in Vaughn's class before charging that he was absent. UNLV does not require students to attend class. In December, the University Senate—composed of students and faculty—investigated academic improprieties involving student-athletes. Economics professor Clarence Ray, the Senate chairman, told SPORT that before the Tarkanian era, stunning discrepancies were found between initial entrance examination scores by athletes and subsequent tests that enabled them to matriculate: "One student went from the very bottom, the seventh percentile, to the 88th percentile on retest."

Ray continues, "We investigated the Vaughn case and could find nothing to substantiate the charges. I might add that Tarkanian is one of the highest-paid officials in the state and the fact that his assistants have been getting 40 and 50 percent raises in comparison with seven percent for the faculty in general rankles many in our Senate. Yet we looked into it allegation by allegation for three months and we found no academic violations under Mr. Tarkanian."

Two—Charges revolving around Robert "Jeep" Kelley are complicated beyond belief with people changing their stories at the drop of an affidavit. Kelley was a ghetto kid recruited by Tony (I'm the key witness) Morocco. Kelley played sparingly before flunking out in 1975 and teammates remember him as a young man who said he saw ghosts, believed in hibernation and at times proved it by sleeping 24 hours at a stretch.

David Berst said Kelley told him that Tarkanian had arranged for Kelley to get numerous junket flights between Las Vegas and Pittsburgh, his hometown. The university denied this, presenting evidence clearing Tarkanian, but conceding that maybe Kelley did arrange some junkets on his own.

However, NCAA zeroed in on one particular flight in November, 1973, when an unhappy Kelley precipitously flew home, then was persuaded by family and friends to return a day later. The NCAA said Tarkanian personally reimbursed Kelley for the return trip. UNLV told the Infractions Committee that Kelley's former high school coach in Pittsburgh had paid for the flight out of a special fund to help ghetto youths having adjustment problems in college. UNLV presented affidavits from the school principal and other officials, a high school payment order for the money and a canceled check. NCAA did not accept this evidence.

Kelley later swore in an affidavit that Berst's plane story was a flight of fancy and that Kelley had never said such things. It was Tony Morocco, he said, who had done the talking at a meeting with him and Berst in a Pittsburgh restaurant. But Berst had indicated to the Infractions Committee that Morocco—then hostile to Tarkanian—was not a source of his information, and had refused to be interviewed. Finally, under severe questioning before the committee by Tarkanian's attorney, Sam Lionel, Berst conceded that he had talked to Morocco many times, and that Morocco had set up and participated in the Kelley meeting. When Lionel tried to pursue Berst on this, the attorney was ordered out of the hearing room.

Now Morocco, you may recall, later came forward to swear that he had fed "exaggerations" to Berst. Why put the rap on Tarkanian originally? Tarkanian says that Morocco's explanation is that "Berst told him we were saying Morocco was a bad guy, dishonest. His first reaction was, if we were saying things about him, then he would start throwing out things about us."

If nobody quite believed anybody, it's understandable. How NCAA knew who to believe is its secret. Sonny Vaccaro, who introduced Tony Morocco to Tarkanian, adds a final grimy note to the affair. After hearing rumors that his boyhood friend, Morocco, was spreading unfounded allegations about Tarkanian, Vaccaro says that he wrote a confidential letter to NCAA describing Morocco as an undependable informant.

"I wrote it," he says today, "because NCAA had asked me to cooperate in the investigation. I had originally suggested Tony to Tarkanian for the Long Beach job, so I felt a responsibility. Tarkanian knew I was sending it but he never promised me anything."

Vaccaro relates that one day he asked Tony if it was true he was spreading rumors. Tony, supposedly incensed, phoned Berst, who allegedly told him that his good friend Vaccaro had written NCAA a letter "destroying his credibility." Vaccaro said in still another affidavit that he later called Berst to protest the breach of confidence. According to Vaccaro, Berst told him: "You have to do whatever you have to do in this game, and if we have to use you we will."

A potentially damaging spinoff charge from the Kelley affair had the NCAA accusing Tarkanian of contacting or having others contact Kelley and his aunt, Frances Parker, to "discourage them from reporting information related to violations" to the NCAA and to "cause them to give untruthful information to the University."

Berst reported to the Infractions Committee that Kelley told him: 1) "Tarkanian phoned during the investigation and said that Nevada law enforcement officials wanted to talk to him, 2) Kelley was scared and felt he should help Tarkanian and 3) statements Kelley signed at Tarkanian's request were all lies.

Berst reported that Mrs. Parker told him that her nephew "Jeep" told her that Tarkanian had threatened him, that a Tarkanian intermediary had offered her a free flight to Las Vegas, and that Kelley had signed untrue statements at Tarkanian's request.

Kelley denied all these charges in a tape-recorded conversation with UNLV attorney Leavitt. SPORT could not reach Kelley for comment. Mrs. Parker, saying that she considered Berst a friend, "wouldn't swear" that "Jeep" told her of Tarkanian threats. "I think if Jeep had told me Tarkanian threatened him," she said, "I would have probably called the police department."

Mrs. Parker denied she had ever been offered a plane ticket to Las Vegas. She said that Jeep had told her that "he had been pressured to sign a statement saying that anything he had said to NCAA was not true" and that Tarkanian had asked her not to talk to NCAA people because "they twist up anything you say and make things look bad."

Three—In all the cross-charges, the closest thing to concrete evidence is a tape of a meeting made by Rodney Parker. Parker is a basketball original, a 40ish Brooklynite whom sportswriter Rick Telander describes in his book, Heaven Is a Playground, as someone whose "main thrill and motivation is feeling that he is part of the movers and shakers of the basketball world." When he isn't scalping tickets, Telander says, Parker enjoys helping ghetto ballplayers find places on college basketball teams.

NCAA says Parker is a representative of UNLV's athletic interests. UNLV says the Parker story proves that "information provided by the NCAA investigators to the Committee on Infractions was either false, misleading or, at best, grossly inaccurate."

The nub of NCAA's charge is that in April, 1973, Parker—acting on Tarkanian's behalf and at the behest of UNLV coaches—escorted 6-foot-10 Brooklyn hotshot Rudy Jackson to Las Vegas for travel expenses and a \$300 cash payoff made through other university "representatives," including a Sahara Hotel employee. In the NCAA allegations Berst said Parker told him that UNLV prevailed on him to bring out the reluctant Jackson, and that when the university later questioned Parker, he was coached to answer questions in a general way to withhold information that might bring a violation on UNLV.

"I help a lot of kids," Parker says. "I just hang around high school games, get to know the kids and coaches. It's not my style to take, because once you do and the players don't deliver, the

schools start bad-mouthing you. Berst talked to me first at the playground. He said NCAA's best targets are black kids because they're more likely to be on the take. Berst had just come from seeing Jackson, who couldn't get into Las Vegas because he had a forged high school transcript. Jackson had told him all sorts of stuff.

"Jackson had asked me to go out there with him. I wanted to see Las Vegas and I paid my own way. Nobody gave me a nickel. The second time Berst talked to me, I decided to record it without him knowing for my own protection. I think Berst had a definite purpose in mind. He wanted to get Tarkanian. The tape is loud and clear. You can play it from end to end and it will bury him in court. Right at the beginning, Berst says, 'I know you weren't involved.' "

At the NCAA hearing, UNLV submitted a transcript of that tape. It shows Parker saying that Jackson—not UNLV coaches—asked him to go to Las Vegas to help him out. It shows Berst and Rodney Parker agreeing that UNLV apparently was trying to get at the truth of the matter. The Committee on Infractions chose not to believe the tape.

Why it chose to believe what it believed may emerge at the Washington hearings. SPORT's subcommittee source says that Las Vegas along with five or so other schools will have their cases examined in detail. The source says, "We've found NCAA investigators going to kids and saying, 'I have a statement from so-and-so saying he gave you money. So you better talk.' Then we'd go to the person who allegedly said it and find that he didn't. They tell a kid, 'If you don't tell me the truth it's going to cost you your eligibility.' It's the kind of police mentality you see too often in criminal court situations. They judge what is the truth."

As hearing time approached, the NCAA News began making the association's case in print. One November issue contained nine stories on the subject under such headlines as, "Nothing Like a Probe To Earn a Few Votes," "No Convictions from Rumors" and "Due Process Untrampled."

Whether or not due process has been untrampled by the NCAA is one question among many that the hearings by the House Oversight and Investigations Subcommittee must probe. They may not supply a clear-cut answer on all the issues in the Tarkanian-NCAA case. But Congress—if it means business—must also decide whether the NCAA is doing a properjob in its role as guardian of America's collegiate athletic programs and of the young people who are the body and soul of college sports.



ROGIE SAVES!

n the large arenas where Rogie Vachon works, the madness of his chosen occupation is diminished by distance and the roar of the crowd. But watch him on a smaller practice rink and your perceptions of how a professional hockey goalie earns his fame and fortune will never be quite the same. In the stillness of the place, pucks explode off Rogie's stick. A blind man might think he was in the midst of a police shootout; those with vision blink in disbelief watching a 12-man firing squad blast shots at the small man 20 feet away. At 120 miles per hour, pucks streak toward Vachon from every angle, now thudding against thick leg pads, now ricocheting off a tiny rubber arm shield.

He is nonchalant. His outsized mitt stabs the air to swallow a streaking puck, then releases it harmlessly onto the ice. With quick reflexes and a defiant laugh, he darts, lunges and near perfectly thwarts the assault. Those few times a puck zips past him into the net, he merely shakes his head in disgust. After more than five minutes of this warmup exercise, a whistle blows. Vachon unpeels a glove and removes his white plastic facemask. His thick, black hair is damped down with sweat. A teammate teases him about a shot that got by, and Vachon's face glows with amusement. Incredibly, he seems to be having the time of his life.

This is Vachon's first practice in two weeks, his first time on ice since he suffered a severe concussion during a game in Cleveland. "The Cleveland guy was about 15 feet away," Vachon says now. "I saw him take his shot. I saw the puck heading toward me, but then it was as if someone just clicked off the lights. No pain. No sound. Just nothing." The puck sailed into Vachon's right temple with such force that it crushed the facemask and knocked him unconscious. For the next week, he was hospitalized with dizzy spells. But this morning, when practice resumes, Rogie Vachon instantly begins teasing his teammates: "Hey, don't worry, I'm not puck-shy. Hit a few with some zip."

Rogatien Vachon of the Los Angeles Kings may be crazy as hell, but he dearly loves his hazardous vocation. And he excels at it. In the 1976 Canada Cup international competition, he allowed only ten goals in seven games and was named Team Canada's most valuable player. Later, during one stretch of

Los Angeles Kings fans love to chant for their little goalkeeper, Rogie Vachon, whom former Montreal teammate Guy Lafleur calls "by far the best goalie in the league"

by LEO JANOS

the 1976-77 National Hockey League season, he had five shutouts in 11 games, three in four games and kept opponents from scoring for 115 consecutive minutes. This season, he had two shutouts in his first three games, stopped 41 shots against the New York Islanders, won a standing ovation in Philadelphia by fending off four minutes of power plays and near midseason had a goals-allowed average of 2.26.

At 32, Vachon is the premier goalie in the NHL, although fans of others, particularly people loyal to Montreal's Ken Dryden, are apt to become enraged at the suggestion. Statistics do support Dryden's supremacy, but statistics reveal only partial truths. For example, last season the Canadiens controlled the puck 40 out of 60 minutes a game while the Kings were on the defensive for half of each game, with the pressure on Vachon. Moreover, Montreal has an All-Star defense, while the Kings' defense is unexceptional. With these handicaps, Vachon's average of 2.78 goals in 12 NHL seasons stands impressively against Dryden's 2.26 in six. According to Dryden's teammate on the Canadiens, Guy Lafleur, Vachon is "by far the best goalie in the league."

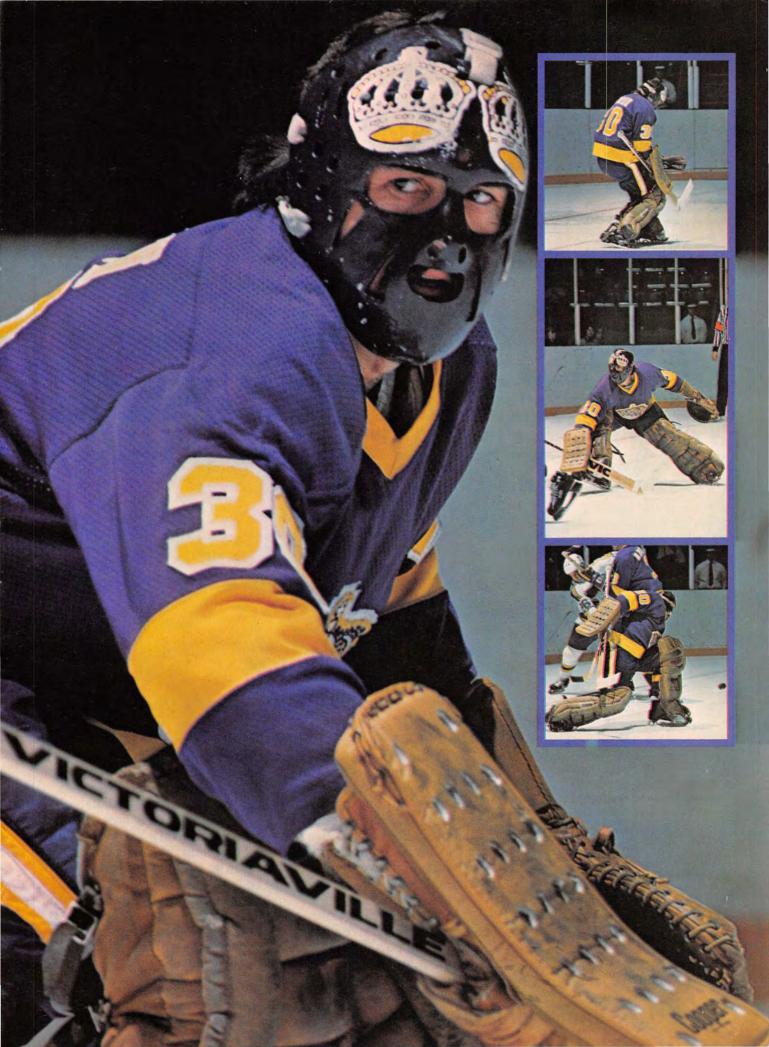
Lafleur's appraisal is particularly satisfying because the story of Rogie Vachon is only partly that of a man who excels at one of the most demanding jobs in professional sports. It is also the tale of someone who experienced one of the most difficult transitions in professional athletics. Quebec-born Rogie (rhymes with stogie) once was the Montreal Canadiens' No. I goalie, the equivalent of a New York kid starring for the Yankees. Abruptly, Vachon not only was replaced by a rookie named Ken Dryden, but was traded to a bush-league expansion team in a town with no hockey tradition at all. He has been flailing back ever since.

Rogie Vachon is probably the first hockey superstar ever to enjoy a commanding view of the Pacific Ocean from his living room, or pluck an orange from a tree in his backyard during the season. Living in the lush semitropical environs of Southern California, Rogie and his teammates from Canada may sometimes feel like shipwrecked sailors, but despite the absence of proper icy atmospherics, the Kings' franchise is booming. Last season the team outdrew the Lakers and Abdul-Jabbar at the Inglewood Forum. And no other local sports star enjoys the kind of fan response that Vachon receives during games when, each time he makes a dazzling save, the fans stand and shout in unison: "Rogie! Rogie! Rogie!" The cars of Kings fans sport bumper stickers declaring: 'Rogie Saves."

"The competition for the sports dollar in L.A. is just amazing," says Vachon. "The fans support the Dodgers, the Rams, the Lakers, the Kings, UCLA and USC in both football and basketball. Under the circumstances, hockey has done tremendously well.' Vachon is happy now in his seventh season with the Kings, but after being traded by Montreal he arrived in Los Angeles a deeply disappointed athlete. He'd asked to be traded, not put into exile from the mecca of hockey to the edge of the Pacific and a struggling, inept new franchise where allowing 50 shots at goal was considered a good defensive effort. Nowadays he feels like he's achieved a hockey nirvana. "The weather, eh? So glorious. The team so improved. We need only a superstar defenseman to become one of the real powers in the league. But even without him we make the playoffs."

His teammates have nicknamed him "Bono" not only because Vachon, at 5-7, is as short as Cher's former husband, but also because Vachon and Sonny have identical mustaches and the goalie dresses in modish showbiz style with flared slacks and flashy shirts open to the navel to show off beaded necklaces and thick tufts of chest hair. If you saw Rogie behind the wheel of his \$18,500 Mercedes SEL smoking one of those big fat cigars he loves, you might well mistake him for a Hollywood agent or the owner of a Sunset Strip disco. But he's much too sweet-tempered and jolly to

At 5 feet 7 and 160 pounds, Vachon is too small to shield the goal mouth and must move out to challenge shooters.





Rogie Saves!

be a Hollywood agent, and his broad, sloping shoulders and thick, sinewy body stamp him as a man of physical action. He stays in superb condition by running four miles daily, playing tennis and speed skating after team practice.

"The legs," he says. "Always the first to go for any athlete in any sport. True also for a goalie. The legs are the key to quickness. For a goalie, the older you get, the better you perform. The reason is that the position demands intense concentration and clear thinking based on knowledge of the opposing players and their moves. For example, most rookie goalies are wildly inconsistent. They have a brilliant game one night and give up eight goals the next. You see, they lack concentration, spend their time waiting for a play thinking of how great they performed vesterday. No. The great players in the NHL are thinking just as hard as I am. Someone like Lafleur-brilliant. Outthink him, outwit him, and you've done something. I love that kind of challenge.'

Vachon began goaltending at age five on a barnyard rink at his family's 40-cow dairy farm in northern Quebec. "I'd be out there playing when it was 30 below," he shudders through his California tan. "If you start very young, you're too dumb to be scared of the puck, and by the time you have the sense to be scared, you're too fascinated by the game to care. I love being the last defender—the only one left who can stop a score. If I can stop two or three breakaways during a game, I can

turn the game around."

The 160-pound Vachon is one of the smallest NHL goalies ever. Lacking bulk with which to shield the goal mouth, he must play an aggressive cerebral game built upon reflexes and perfect positioning. He is a stand-up goalie, a cool, patient angle-player, who is not afraid to move out and challenge in a one-on-one situation. But at least half his saves are attributable to sheer reflex. "There's no way you can really react when a puck is slamming at you from 20 feet out," he says. "No time to think. You simply react with reflexes. That's how I make most of my big saves." Such saves can turn games around by demoralizing opponents. A few seasons ago the Rangers took 17 shots at Vachon during the third period of a game-ten of them on power plays-and failed to score. "He robbed us of at least four sure goals in that period," Rod Gilbert recalls, still wincing. After one spectacular slap-away, Phil Esposito tapped Rogie with his stick, managed a smile and muttered, "Nice save, you little S.O.B."

New York Islander goalie Chico Resch models his own style after Vachon's. "I watch how he moves in the net," Resch says, "also how he holds his glove. He holds his glove higher than anyone else in the league to get a jump on high shots. Most goalies hold their gloves close to the ice. I try to pick up new things from him each time we play the Kings." Most players in the league know that Vachon will be the most aggressive goaltender they will face. "He has to go out and challenge shooters," says Ian Turnbull, the Toronto Maple Leafs' defenseman. "If he stays back in, he's not very big and you see a lot of net. He makes you take a difficult shot, and it's tough to get a

but somehow managed to fall on the puck as sticks flailed at him. After the game, he sat next to his locker unpeeling his protective padding and tenderly rubbing the ugly purple welt near his collar bone. "Couldn't get my glove up in time," he said. He began talking about how a goalie's hands, neck and thighs receive a brutal pounding during a season. "Fear can become overwhelming for a goalie," he said. "I know guys who can't get to sleep after a game without getting high. Me? I take two beers and sleep like a kitten. Worrying about dangers isn't part of my nature. But there are goalies who become puck-shy. You



rebound off him. He controls rebounds extremely well with his feet." Islander defenseman Denis Potvin agrees: "When you shoot, you try to make the goalie make the first move, which gives you an opening. But Rogie doesn't move. He challenges the shooter and forces you to make the first move. He doesn't give you anything." Indeed, Vachon may one day be recognized as the fastest, most competitive and shrewdest goalie ever to play the game.

The toughest part for a short goalie is the ease with which he can be screened from a shot.

It happened earlier this season on home ice against Montreal. Two Canadiens screened Vachon out of a play and he barely had time to react to a vicious slap shot by Yvan Cournoyer. The puck caught Vachon above his right collar bone. He crashed to his knees in agony Two years ago, Rogie and Nicole Vachon adopted Jade, a Vietnamese orphan, and this year plan to adopt a Korean orphan.

can spot them when they move out to cut off an angle of attack, but instead of skating with their body hunched forward, they kind of tilt backwards. That's the giveaway."

Rogie Vachon is handsomely rewarded for both his courage and bruises, receiving \$150,000 annually as base pay, with bonuses for shutouts and other notable accomplishments. But although his wealth and fame have skyrocketed since he left Montreal, Vachon is still bitter about the way in which he lost his job there.

In 1967, the Canadiens brought 21year-old Rogie Vachon up from Houston of the Central Professional Hockey

Rogie Saves!

Division and used him in 19 games. His first appearance on home ice, with his parents and four brothers in attendance, was one of the great moments of his life. The opponent was Detroit, and Vachon will always remember the first shot taken against him in the NHL. "Two minutes into the game, Gordie Howe came at me on a breakaway. I made a stick save and got a standing ovation. That gave me tremendous confidence, and I've always wondered what would've happened to me if Gordie had scored." Sharing the Montreal goaltending with Gump Worsley, Vachon subsequently was used in nine playoff games and had a 2.54 goals-allowed average, but Montreal was eliminated by Toronto in the Stanley Cup finals.

The next season, Vachon's first full one in the league, Montreal won the Stanley Cup. Vachon fashioned four shutouts during the season and shared the Vezina Trophy with Worsley, who played in more critical games. The following season Vachon played the heavier half of the schedule, and was brilliant in Stanley Cup play, allowing only three goals in four games against St. Louis. His third full season Vachon had four shutouts and gave up an average of only 2.63 goals a game, but for the first time in 23 years, Montreal did not make it into the playoffs.

Rogie's fourth season with the Canadiens was his last. He had a 2.64 goalsallowed average through 47 games. when the team brought up a tall, promising rookie from their Nova Scotia farm team. The rookie, Ken Dryden, played only six games during the regular season, but the team management was sufficiently impressed to start him over Vachon in the playoff games. Dryden performed spectacularly; his victory over the Bruins in the quarter-finals still ranks among the great upsets in Stanley Cup competition. For Vachon, a proud and fierce competitor, it was one of the bitterest moments of his life-being shunted aside by a college kid fresh out of the American Hockey League.

"I felt very hurt not playing in the playoffs because I felt I earned that right by having a good year," Rogie says. "But what I find most difficult to forgive is that they never gave me a chance to win back my job."

Indeed, as the 1971-72 season opened, Rogie was on the bench, even though he had arrived at training camp in the best shape of his life and had outplayed Dryden in preseason games. By early November, Rogie had played in only one game. "I'm the worst benchwarmer in professional sports," he says. "I go crazy sitting there and not playing. But it was a tough decision, asking them to trade me. Montreal is the

hockey capital. If you play a bad game for the Canadiens, people walk up to you on the street and chew you out. So there's a lot of pressure, but also a lot of prestige playing for the Canadiens. I wasn't happy asking to be traded, but I couldn't stand not playing." He wanted to go to Toronto, but the Leafs weren't interested. Finally, Los Angeles obtained him in exchange for four players, none of whom is still in the league.

The adjustments were boggling. He had gone from the Stanley Cup champions to a fledgling franchise, wobbling in last place. Montreal teammates warned him that the hot weather dulled hockey senses, that the team was terrible and the fans indifferent. "Everything I heard was true," says Vachon. The worst was waiting in ambush. His start with the Kings was rocky; he had to play his way into shape and learn to work with new teammates. By January Vachon was finding his old form when, in his 28th game for the Kings, he tore ligaments and cartilage in his left knee in a freak accident. "Nobody was close to

Though he loves L.A., Rogie is still bitter about how he lost his job in Montreal

me," he remembers. "I moved to block a shot and when I changed directions in a hurry, the knee just popped." Not only was he out for the remainder of the season, but the injury came close to ending his career.

Vachon's and the Kings' fortunes have slowly improved. They have been in the playoffs the past three years, and the acquisition two years ago of offensive superstar Marcel Dionne has given the team needed scoring. The Kings' former coach, Bob Pulford, opted for a very conservative, controlled game. The new coach this season is Ron Stewart, who believes in a wide-open, aggressive game. "It is more of a reward to play for L.A. now," says Vachon. "The fans like our style and really stick with us. It is a pleasure to win for them. You know, in Montreal when you win, the fans shrug and say, 'So what, you are a Montreal Canadien. You should win.

Vachon's first few years in Los Angeles were frustrating due to the lack of publicity and attention. "I could've produced 40 shutouts in a row and nobody would know or care," he says. But no longer. Around the suburban community of Pacific Palisades, where he lives, young and old now recognize him on the

streets and ask for autographs or wish him well. In his lovely hillside house with the superb ocean view, he says, "It feels very good because it means that the public is tuned in to hockey and enjoying it. I tell you, with a good team and living in this beautiful place, I feel terrifically lucky. Sure, I'd get much more recognition in New York or Montreal, and make more money doing commercials and endorsements. But you can't have everything, and I just love it here."

As well he should. He lives in a rambling Spanish-style house with his beautiful French-Canadian wife, Nicole, a petite redhead who was once a New York model. They have a five-year-old son, Nicholas, and two years ago adopted a daughter, Jade, a Vietnamese orphan. Later this year, they plan to adopt a Korean orphan.

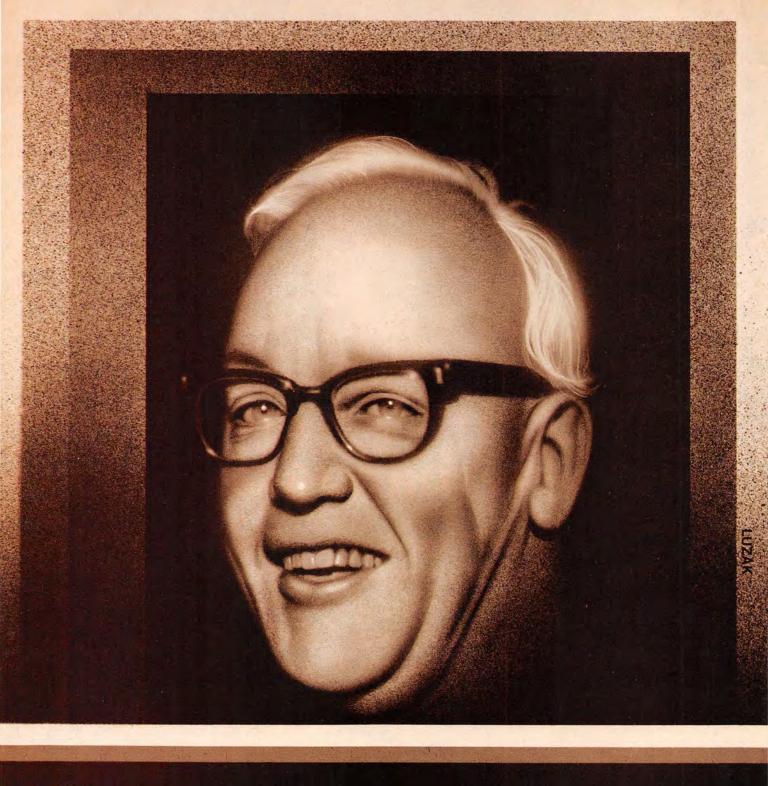
Like many other Los Angeles residents, Rogie and Nicole have become ardent tennis players. Their social life features friends who aren't in sports—a lawyer and his wife, an executive in network television. "We go out for dinner, to a show or a film," Rogie says. "No hockey talk is a blessing once in a while, eh?"

Hockey is almost never discussed around the house, although Nicole regularly attends home games. The day of a game her husband relaxes by watching afternoon quiz shows on television and then takes a nap. "Sometimes I worry that he's too relaxed," Nicole admits. "Hockey is a dangerous sport and I figure if he gets tense before a game, he will protect himself better."

Not that Rogie is totally placid. Before each game he tapes his fingers with sponge and straps on 40 pounds of shoulder, chest and knee pads. Then the team trainer hands him some smelling salts to clear his head and a stick of chewing gum. "It has to be that way, from the same trainer, in the same order," Rogie says. "I know it's stupid, but who knows what would happen if I didn't do it?"

He hopes that ritual will be repeated for at least another five years. But before he retires, Vachon wants to realize a dream of winning the Stanley Cup with the Los Angeles Kings. With each succeeding year, the possibilities have increased. "We are closer than far, but not there yet," says Rogie. "But when I think how it was here only five years ago, I know it is possible." He pauses to reflect a moment and you know he's playing a mental tape of how it will be, skating around the arena with his raised arms holding aloft the Stanley Cup while, in the most delicious part of the dream, the defeated Montreal Canadiens dejectedly leave the ice.







Sportswriting's

t is three-quarters of an hour till the start of the 1977 World Series. Scores of millions of minds focus simultaneously on The Event. The time for reflection is past; loyalties are set, wagers cemented. Now there is only the competition itself-the Yankees versus the Dodgers, two resurgent dynasties in what is being billed as a classic pairing. Across this vast continent, around the globe, the sense of anticipation is palpable. . . .

In the press hospitality room, deep in the bowels of Yankee Stadium, the conversation among the men who will report The Event to the world is, as usual,

about food.

"I was rooting for Kansas City to win in the playoffs," says one New York writer, who has covered the Yankees all season. "You should seen the spread [Royals owner] Ewing Kauffmann put out!"

"It's true," agrees a guy across the table. "Steaks for breakfast!"

"And for lunch," adds the first, even bigger steaks."

"Yeah," mumbles another guy, "and look what [Yankee owner] George Steinbrenner offers the press." He indicates the box dinner-cellophanewrapped sandwiches, a cup of potato salad and a dish of artificial chocolate pudding-that has been given each reporter. "He must've spent so much dough on free agents that he's got nothing left for us."

At the adjoining table, Red Smith of the New York Times, probably the most respected sportswriter in the country, picks up the drift of the conversation. He leans back in his chair and smiles. "You know," he says, "one publicity man for this club said to me, 'How can you guys write such nasty things about our ballclub when we feed you off the fat of the land?" 'Smith holds up a halfeaten roast beef sandwich, a hunk of gristle dangling from it. "Behold, the fat of the land.

"Hey, Red," someone calls out, "who are you going for in this Series?"

Smith grins. "I'm rooting for my comfort. When Los Angeles won the National League, I was rooting for Kansas City in the American League, to shorten the flying time. Now I'm going to root for the winner of the first game to take it in five, to eliminate the need to travel an extra time." Four or five heads bob in agreement.

Make no mistake about it, any resemblance between sportswriters and fans-the word, remember, comes from 'fanatics,''-is coincidental. Some young sportswriters, fresh from stints poet laureate

For generations Red Smith readers have counted on his columns to provide not only the best sportswriting in their newspaper, but often the best writing. Yet this Pulitzer prize winner calls himself "just a newspaper stiff trying to write better than I can"

by HARRY STEIN

on the sports page of their college papers, may start out as rooters, but after covering a team day after day and learning that meeting the deadline is a lot more important than who wins, after developing personal relationships with the players and coming to realize that even heroes are sometimes unpleasant human beings, it is difficult to maintain a fan's naive enthusiasm. More than a few sportswriters become bored, or cynical, and allow their prejudices to find their way into their copy. I happened to be in the Yankee pressbox the evening last spring when Reggie Jackson-then estranged from his teammates and a daily target of the New York press corpsrefused to shake the other Yankees' hands after hitting a home run; the joy among certain reporters, who anticipated yet another field day at the temperamental Jackson's expense, was unbounded.

But the very best of the sportswriters are beyond all that. They see themselves as reporters, journalists with a responsibility to cover the business of game-playing every bit as seriously as other journalists cover politics or finance. Their role as sportswriters is not to impassion or to shill, but to inform.

Walter "Red" Smith, a man of spectacular modesty, would probably object to the loftiness of that description, but most of his colleagues-and three generations of newspaper readers-would

agree that it fits no one better than him. At 72, with 43 World Series behind him, Smith may privately be pulling for his comfort, but his prose retains the same honesty, the same hard-edged insight and gentle wisdom it had 30 years ago, when he first began doing a column for the now-defunct New York Herald Tribune. Five years after that paper folded in 1966, he signed on with the Times which not only prints his column, but syndicates it to several hundred papers around the world. Red Smith readers can count upon his 900 words to provide not only the best sportswriting in their newspaper, but very likely the best

Public recognition of that fact came in 1976, when Smith was awarded a Pulitzer prize, the ultimate award for journalistic excellence, but his admirers have been legion for decades. Among them was Ernest Hemingway, who made mention of Smith in his own writ-

Smith dismisses the mention with a wave of his hand. "It was just a little thing," he says. He takes a bite of his Yankee roast beef sandwich. "In Across the River and into the Trees, Hemingway had a character 'who was reading Red Smith in the john and he liked it very much.' End of paragraph." Smith grins. "I met Hemingway once. We did not get fighting drunk together."

But, then, Smith never could take a compliment. When he won the Pulitzer, he told every interviewer who askedand a few who didn't-that he doesn't see himself as anything special, that "I'm just a newspaper stiff trying to write better than I can." Smith even insists that he has no particular affinity for sportswriting. "I was pushed into it," he says. "In 1927 I was on the copy desk of the Milwaukee Sentinel-I'm from Green Bay-when everyone in the sports department was fired. All I knew about sports was what the average fan knew, but I was the most dispensable copy reader." Smith finishes off his sandwich and peels the tinfoil off his Yankee chocolate pudding. "The managing editor wanted to know if I was honest. If a fight manager offered me five dollars, he asked, would I accept it? I said, 'Five dollars is a lot of money.' He said 'Report to the sports desk.'

From Milwaukee, Smith went to St. Louis, then to Philadelphia, then to New York with the Herald Tribune, and finally to the Times. "Most of the papers I've worked for have died," says Smith wryly. "There's nothing but whitening bones lining my tread. Only the *Times* is left-and I'm working on it."

Red Smith

The Times is willing to take its chances. Smith is a superstar among sportswriters, and even so august a journal as the Times welcomes that kind of prestige. But, then, how many reporters can bring to the job not only Smith's considerable writing skills, but a half century of perspective as well? For, though Smith's hand is not as steady as in the past and his once-fiery hair is now snowy white, he can write with as much authority about Pepper Martin and Primo Carnera as about Pete Rose and Muhammad Ali. Indeed, in some areas of sports history-the game-by-game exploits of the 1931 St. Louis Cardinals is a prime example-Smith's recall is virtually total. The man savors the minutia of sports the way naval historians relish the details of long-forgotten struggles on the seas.

Not surprisingly, Smith welcomes the World Series—as he welcomes the Ken-

tucky Derby and major championship fights—as a time of reunion with those whose memories are almost as long. Now, in the Yankee hospitality room, with 20 minutes till game-time, he spots a pair of other veterans and heads for their table. It seems that James T. Farrell, the author of the classic *Studs Lonigan*, and Sam Taub, who used to be a local sports editor and fight referee, have been discussing the Jack Johnson-Jim Jeffries fight which transpired in 1910.

"Oh yeah," says Taub, a pugnacious little man in an oversized blue suit and pink bow tie, "I refereed a tune-up fight for that bout, between Jeffries and Tom Sharkey. Bat Masterson hired me to do it." Yes, the reference is to the Bat Masterson, the former cohort of Wyatt Earp. Around the turn of the century, when Masterson left the old West, he became a sportswriter and fight pro-

moter. "Anyway," Taub says, "Jeffries won the fight I refereed and he went on to fight Johnson. The honest truth is, he was sure he was gonna beat Johnson, because he'd been assured Johnson was gonna throw the fight. But at the last minute, Johnson changed his mind. In the ring he said to Jeffries"—Taub goes into a flawless imitation of rural black speech—" 'White boy, the agreemen' don' hold good. You better know how't fight, 'cause ah'm gonna knock you out.'"

There is a pause. "Now lemme ask you," demands Taub, "where you gonna get stories like that today?"

Farrell smiles. "You know who I always found the most original of prize-fighters? Battling Nelson."

Smith nods and chuckles. "Remember that story about Nelson at the Dempsey-Willard fight? It was a stifling hot Fourth of July in 1919, and Philadelphia Billy McCarney had the lemonade concession. McCarney was just about to open for business, with this great vat of the stuff, when Battling Nelson appeared, dove into the lemonade and took a swim in it."

Farrell laughs but Taub, who at 91 is even older than the others, cocks his head toward Red. "The Dempsey-Willard fight? In the lemonade?"

Smith nods.

"That's a true story!" says Taub triumphantly. He shakes his head. "Those were fighters. Can you talk about these bums today, including Clay, in the same breath?"

"Oh, I don't know," says Smith. "I still think fighters are pretty colorful today. That's why, for writing purposes, boxing, along with horse racing, is my favorite game."

"Did you know Damon Runyon?" asks a listener. The reference is to the noted chronicler of ring and track characters.

"What're you doin', insultin' the man?" demands Taub.

"Yes, I knew him," says Smith.

"Who didn't know Damon Runyon," Taub insists. "He's the guy that went out lookin' for heavyweights to exploit."

And so the conversation turns to old friends, the legendary sportswriters and columnists of the '20s and '30s, men who for the rest of us are the stuff of newspaper lore but who for this trio remain as vivid as last year's pennant race. They talk of Runyon and Ring Lardner and Heywood Broun.

"You know the guy I miss, Red?"

Red in his Philadelphia newspaper days, circa 1940s: (l. to r.) Athletics manager Jimmy Dykes, owner Connie Mack, Smith and former slugger Jimmy Foxx.



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Red Smith

asks Taub. "Frank Graham."

Smith nods. Graham was his best friend, "So do I." He pauses, "You know, Sam, the luckiest thing that ever happened to me-and I've been very lucky-was to have the chance to go around with Frank and Granny Rice as a threesome.

Farrell chimes in. "I covered the first Louis-Schmeling fight for The Nation, and Grantland Rice-who I hardly knew and who was the biggest sportswriter in the country then-sent me a lovely note about it.'

'Yep," says Smith softly, "he was the nicest man I ever knew."

The table falls silent, in something between reflection and sorrow.

"And a great newspaperman!" adds Taub spiritedly. "Not like these bums today!" He scans his friends' faces. "There are only a few great ones left, and a couple of 'em are sittin' right here at this table!"

Smith cannot help but laugh. "I guess this really is the old crocks' table, isn't

It is three minutes to game time and so Smith excuses himself and heads from the room. Instantly his bittersweet mood passes. There is, after all, a game to cover.

"I'd dearly love to write a good piece today," he says, moving briskly through Yankee Stadium's subterranean passages. "You don't want to be lousy during the World Series. If you've got to be lousy, let it be in June."

He turns a corner and heads for the elevator that goes to the press level. "And, believe me, I was very lousy yesterday." He smiles. "I had nothing to say and, by God, I said it.'

'Do you know what you're going to write about tonight?" he is asked.

Smith shakes his head. "If God is good, I'll get smart around the fifth inning and start writing." The elevator doors part and he steps inside. "But God is very erratic."

God is again good to Red Smith. His column, built around a postgame interview with New York's Graig Nettles, adds yet another chapter to the Yankee soap opera: Smith confirms that the gifted third baseman, like several of his teammates, is anxious to be traded-in Nettles' case, to the San Diego Padres.

But the morning the column appears, the morning after Smith's arrival in Los Angeles for the continuation of the Series, the talk among the sporting press is not about Nettles, or about Thurman Munson—who has expressed a desire to go to Cleveland-or even about Billy Martin-whose head is still rumored to be on the block. The talk is, as usual, about Reggie Jackson. The

Yankee rightfielder has blasted his manager for starting a rusty Catfish Hunter in the previous game and now, in an apparent fit of pique, has let it be known that he has no intention of appearing in game three, the Dodger Stadium opener, unless his allotted seats in the stands are improved.

Prior to the game, 150 reporters mill around the dugouts, trying to dig up something on the Jackson situationanything-that their editors might take to be original. A score of writers beseige Ron Guidry, the scheduled Yankee starter in game four, soliciting his views on the brouhaha; the rookie pitcher looks at them as if they are crazy. Ten yards away, Henry Hecht of the New York Post complains bitterly to Phil Pepe of the New York Daily News that no one had called to notify him of Gabe Paul's morning press conference in which the Yankee general manager had backed Martin.

"Maybe you were asleep," Pepe says sarcastically.

"I wasn't asleep," snaps Hecht. He

"There are as many incompetents among sportswriters as among doctors and grocers"

shakes his head. "This is the most monumental screw-up I've ever seen."

"What the hell do you want me to do about it?" demands Pepe.

Across the way, Howard Cosellresplendent in his yellow ABC blazersummons over a Yankee batboy and commands him to fetch Reggie Jackson for the cameras. When the batboy returns with word that Jackson has chosen not to make an appearance. Cosell turns on his heel and stalks away.

From his position behind the batting cage, Red Smith takes it all in and smiles. He's seen this kind of nonsense before. "I wonder if Reggie's waiting in the clubhouse for Bowie Kuhn to deliver his tickets," he muses. "That would make good copy for someone.'

"Do you think that some members of the press are going after Jackson too hard?" he is asked.

Smith furrows his brow. "Oh, sure, some guys manage to misconstrue things he says. They don't like to let a fact get in the way of a good story." He smiles. "I don't like to admit it, but there are as many incompetents and pricks among sportswriters as among doctors and grocers and shoe salesmen. A lot of them are childish, think the world is bounded by the outfield fences.

Well, obviously anyone who thinks that way is not only a knothead with a serious case of arrested development, but he's gonna be a lousy sportswriter, too."

Al Horowitz, a Los Angels sportswriter, comes over and slaps Smith on the back. "Say Red," he says, indicating Smith's undistinguished red sportsjacket, "don't you wish you had a pretty jacket like Howard?"

Smith laughs. "God, am I glad I don't have to wear a New York Times blazer." He glances at Cosell, now standing by the Dodger dugout."You know, I'm on Howard's enemies list

"You made it, huh?" says Horowitz. "Why?"

"During the Kentucky Derby I took issue with the Cosell-Arcaro argument that Seattle Slew was 'the best of a very poor lot of horses,' because I happened to think that there were some awfully good horses in that field. I wrote, 'Howard Cosell has left off shilling for ABC's discredited boxing tournament to speak as a turf expert.' " Like a veteran comic, he pauses a beat. "We have not spoken since."

Horowitz laughs. "You got lucky."

'Well," says Red, "I had to live a long time before I did-and go on Howard's various shows at least 50 times without getting paid for it."

Horowitz nods, "And what do you, Mr. Smith, make of all this Reggie Jackson business?"

"Oh," replies Red, "I think there's a lot less to the Reggie Jackson flap than meets the eye. I like Reggie, but the guys that travel with the team find him a pain in the ass. He's full of bull, so they get irritated with each other. But it's nothing new-guys who traveled with the Red Sox always had the same kinds of problems with Ted Williams.'

That triggers something in Horowitz' memory: "Yeah, I know all about those kinds of problems. Rube Walberg-remember him?-once came up to me on a train and grabbed me by the neck. 'You sonofabitch,' he said, 'look what you wrote about me!' I said, 'How about what you said about me in the clubhouse?' He said 'But when I said it, five people heard me. When you wrote it, a million people saw it." " Horowitz grins. "I said, 'Well, Rube, let that be a lesson to you.'

Smith laughs uproariously. "Rube Walberg. What a character." He shakes his head, thinking back on the Athletics' and Red Sox' pitcher of the '20s and '30s. "He got mad pretty easily, alright. I heard that one time he was getting hit pretty hard, so Mickey Cochrane, his manager, went out to speak to him. Suddenly Walberg started really firing the | 63

Red Smith

ball, and he breezed through the rest of the game. Afterward someone asked Cochrane what he'd said to Walberg. 'I told him,' replied Mickey, 'that he looked more like a f---ed-out old whore than any f---ed-out old whore I'd ever seen.' ''

Horowitz laughs. "Say, Red, did you ever have any ballplayer mad at you?"

"Just once," Smith says. "Bill Werber, who was a pretty good third baseman with the Athletics when I was working in Philadelphia. I didn't like Werber. He was a graduate of Duke and very smug about his formal schooling. When other infielders would shout 'I got it' on pop flies, he would instruct them to say, 'I have it.' I just didn't think the guy had any class at all, and when he was traded, I said as much in the paper." Smith pauses. "Well, I didn't see Werber again until the following fall, when he was in the World Series. The instant he saw me he grabbed me and bodily ejected me from the dugout. I was deeply tempted to let him have it with my typewriter, but that didn't seem appropriate to the occasion.'

Smith squints out toward the outfield where a trio of Dodgers are shagging flies. "But over all the years, he's the only ballplayer who—" He hesitates. "Well, sure, occasionally there are guys I don't hit it off with personally. Like Jackie Robinson, he was one of those. I had tremendous respect for the man, but any time I wrote anything even slightly critical of him, he took me for a racist. I resented it. Hell, I'd been known as 'the nigger lover' by the Ath-

letics for years."

Smith was indeed one of the first reporters to speak out against baseball's color line, but rarely used his column as his forum. It is only in comparatively recent years that he has been outspoken in print, inveighing, for example, against the reserve clause and the arrogant owners who have little respect for their paid employees and less for their paying customers; and against the undermining influence of television on the nation's games.

"I suppose I probably should have done more of that kind of piece earlier," he concedes. "But, then, back in the '30s and '40s and '50s, nobody was covering sports that way." He pauses, apparently not satisfied with his own explanation. Then he brightens. "But there's another reason too: Though I've always held these views, as time has passed, I've become more and more convinced that I'm right." He grins. "It's really not so bad getting old when you get smart at the same time."

The Yankees win game three behind Mike Torrez, and Red Smith-who doesn't much care who wins the Series-is almost as miffed by the outcome as the Dodger crowd. "I had my column idea all set," he says, riding the elevator down to the clubhouse level. "It was going to be built around Dusty Baker's home run [which briefly tied the game for the Dodgers]. I'd noted down every pitch Torrez threw to Baker, and what Torrez did between pitches, the attitude of the crowd from moment to moment and the explosion when Baker actually hit it out. It was going to be a study of this vital moment in the ballgame." He shrugs and manages a smile. "Except that it turned out to be an utterly meaningless moment in the ballgame. So I'll have to start scratching around for something else.'

Smith elects to begin his scratching in the interview room, where no less than 300 reporters are gathered for the standard postgame press conference with the managers and stars of the game—in this case Torrez and Lou Piniella. Red stays only five minutes. "Something like this is useful to guys on deadline who need

"All you have to do to write a column is slash a vein and let the blood trickle out"

the facts quickly," he says, moving through the corridor toward the Dodger clubhouse, "but there's precious little I can get from it."

There is not much more to be gleaned from the Dodgers. Most of them have retreated to the showers and the few who haven't sit before their lockers looking decidely untalkative. The only noteworthy Dodger remark comes from outfielder Rick Monday after a bit of hounding from a sportswriter. "Come on, Rick," urges the writer, "I can't believe all the squabbles are on the Yankees. There's gotta be some pricks on this club, too." "Sure there are," purrs Monday, and a half-dozen reporters start scribbling. He glances at Davey Lopes, listening in from a nearby locker, and smiles. "Hey, Lopes, you're a prick.'

But that, alas, is not the stuff of a column in a family newspaper, so Smith, chuckling over Monday's remark, leaves the clubhouse, pushes his way through a sea of autograph seekers and groupies waiting in the corridor outside, and makes his way to the Yankee lockerroom. It is more crowded here—there are more reporters talking to more ballplayers in more varied stages of undress—but for a columnist who is expected to provide more than a mere account of the day's game, the pickings appear just as slim.

Smith chooses to approach Ken Holtzman, already beseiged by a quartet of writers while he pulls on his socks. Though he has been a distinguished pitcher over a dozen seasons, Holtzman pitched only 72 innings in 1977 and is not expected to appear in this Series at all, and the nation's sporting press, hungry for copy, has been making much of his inactivity. But Holtzman—wisely for his own well-being, endlessly frustrating for the writers—has refused to cooperate by attacking his superiors.

"C'mon, Ken," urges one of the writers, "it's gotta be annoying."

Holtzman nods. "Sure. We have some problems, but we'll work them out."

"Mr. Holtzman," says Red softly to another reporter, "is a very discreet fellow." With that he picks up his typewriter, leaves the clubhouse and heads for an elevator. Smith has decided to do what he has done hundreds of times before—hide away in a quiet place and pull a column out of his head and his gut.

That is a chore that, over a period of years, would suck most sportswriters dry. But Red Smith never stops seeing new angles. "All you have to do to write a column," he says, moving toward the steep banks of stairs which lead to the Dodger Stadium parking lot, "is slash a vein and let the blood trickle out." He smiles. "You know, way back, when I first started covering sports, people would say to me, 'Doesn't it get dull to cover a whole season?' And I'd say, 'Only to dull minds.' Today's game is always different from yesterday's. All you need is the intelligence to discern that and the wit to express it." He pauses. "And I don't think that takes great intelligence or great wit.'

He reaches the steps and slackens his pace, mounting them slowly in silence. He stops at the top. "Oh boy," he wheezes, "the legs really are the first to go."

The time has arrived for the inevitable question: How long can he go on?

Smith laughs. "I occasionally get a letter from someone asking that, but usually they put it less delicately. Like, 'You old fart, why don't you get lost?" "He pauses and gives the question a moment of real consideration. "I'll go on until I cease to enjoy it, or until someone I respect tells me, 'You've lost it, Pop.' What the hell, when either of those things happen, I'll accept it." He continues walking toward the parking lot. Then Red Smith pauses and grins. "But who knows, maybe I'll get lucky like Granny Rice and keel over at the typewriter."

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Mario Andretti was a jockey-sized guy trying to break into a sport peopled by fullbacks. Car owners shied away from hiring Andretti because—at 5 feet 6 and 138 pounds—he just didn't seem big enough or strong enough to handle the powerful Indy roadsters or muscle-straining USAC sprinters. But after

seeing him in a few stock car races, most car owners realized that Andretti was more than big enough where it counted. On a racetrack, Mario Andretti was known as a 'tiger'—a racer for whom taking the lead is the only thing in life that counts.

After winning the United States Auto Club national championship in 1965, his rookie year on the circuit, Andretti flashed his major-league driving skills in 1966 at the Indianapolis 500 by win-

ning the coveted pole position as the fastest first-weekend qualifier. (In 1969 he won the race itself, along with a highly publicized kiss from car owner Andy Granatelli.)

From the moment he first drove at the brickyard, Mario was pursued by one of the shrewdest talent-spotters in auto racing, Englishman Colin Chapman, the mustachioed and dapper genius who founded the Lotus car company. "From the time I met Mario at Indy," Chap-



Mario Andretti gave up his very successful USAC racing career to become a Grand Prix driver at the advanced age of 37. Last year, at 38, the hard charger won more races than any other driver on the circuit

I'm still a tiger'

man says, "I've been saying, 'Mario, you've just got to come over and do Formula I.' He's the sort of guy I like: He's a racer. That's the way to win races: Just piss off and leave 'em.' It was a case of tiger meeting tiger.

But Formula 1 is another world from the oval-track bullrings of the USAC championship trail. The 1977 Formula 1 circuit consisted of 17 races in 16 countries over hilly, twisty road courses that led to the world championship

for drivers. These are Grand Prix races, and the whole series gets its name from the rules that govern the design of the cars. Mario was no stranger to Formula 1 racing. Born in Italy, he'd seen some races there and even done some junior-league road racing before his family emigrated to America in 1955. But Andretti was reluctant to give up a rich, established career in USAC (he won his second national championship in 1966, his third in '69) for the

unknowns of Formula 1.

Chapman finally trapped his tiger with sheer engineering brilliance in 1976. He hired Mario for several Grand Prix races that year and then laid before him the plans for a new John Player-sponsored Lotus for 1977. The car, known as the Type 78, was low and wide and used its extra body width to get more downward pressure from the air flowing past the car to assist the front and rear wings in gluing the tires to the road on

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Tiger

corners. Mario knew the Type 78 was a winner the first time he tried it, saying, "I've driven shitboxes and I've driven good cars, and believe me by now I can tell the difference!" Andretti took the bait, and Chapman closed the cage door with a handsome contract.

Many racing insiders suggested that Chapman was making a serious mistake, because Andretti was 37—well past the usual peak for Grand Prix drivers. And he had shown only intermittent promise in his earlier Formula I outings. Why was the clever Briton hiring an aging USAC racer who insisted on commuting to all the European races from his Pennsylvania home? Enzo Ferrari knew why; he had been interested in signing Andretti to drive for him, because the Italian racing maestro also knew that Mario would be satisfied only by victory.

In the black-and-gold JPS-Lotus, Andretti became a shooting star on the Grand Prix circuit in 1977. He was the fastest qualifier in seven of the 17 championship races. In a sport where hundredths of a second can spell victory, he once led the field by 1.5 seconds. And in a year of eight different Grand Prix winners, no one scored more victories than Mario, who finished first four times: In California at Long Beach, in Spain, in France and in Italy.

Though he was the winningest driver, Andretti wasn't the world champion. He had too few of the other high finishes that build point totals. His 47 points placed him third in the standings behind Austrian Niki Lauda (72) and South African Jody Scheckter (55). Mario earns extra money for every point he accumulates. As he says, "That's the bonus, and that's my incentive. The rest is guaranteed. I've always raced for an incentive."

Nevertheless, Andretti's desire to earn points centers on his drive to win the nine points that go to the first-place driver. "Second is junk," Mario says. "It's a pacifier, you know, for a little while. You figure, 'Well, at least. . . .' But second is nothing."

The pacifier eluded him all too often in 1977. He had a heartbreaking string of engine failures. They robbed him of certain victories in three races in which he was far in the lead. In four other races, he was slowed down or knocked out by tangles with other cars in the early laps. Often the tangles appeared to be Mario's fault, that the hard-charging racer was his own worst enemy.

I asked Colin Chapman about that. "We've had some shunts," he said,

Andretti at the Long Beach Grand Prix, which he won with bold moves on the final laps—one of his four wins in 1977.

"but this was probably due to frustration, when slower drivers were holding him up." The shunts or accidents happened most often after Mario muffed the standing start and fell back from the front-row starting position he'd earned in qualifying. Andretti seldom sat behind slower drivers for very long.

Although Mario doesn't just charge through narrow openings, Chapman says, "He does put himself in situations sometimes where he's relying on the other guy to give way a bit." Mario has faith in his ability to anticipate what another driver will do on the track. But opponents don't always react to an Andretti move as he had projected—and that is when the accidents occurred.

Still, Andretti's calculated risks paid off at least twice last year. At both Long Beach and in France he put moves on the leader in the final laps to take the checkered flag.

The Long Beach win put Mario in a position to set a precedent. Another victory at Watkins Glen, N.Y. in October could have made him the first American to win both his country's Grand Prix

races. I caught up with Mario on the Friday before the Sunday race at the Glen, at the ungodly hour—to Mario—of 7:10 a.m.

"This isn't very civilized," he groaned, perusing the Howard Johnson's menu. "One reason we went into racing was so we wouldn't have to get up early. We used to go tire testing [a family business] five, six days at a time. And any guy who showed up before 11, we'd go burn his car."

Mario ordered orange juice, coffee, scrambled eggs and bacon. A heavy elephant-hair bracelet encircled his right wrist, a digital Seiko his left. He had on two diamond-studded gold rings. He wears his hair longer and fuller than he did when he was a young man at Indy, and the years have deepened the creases in his cheeks. On the sides of his neck below the ears I could see the curved marks where he was licked by flames in a horrendous crash during practice at Indianapolis in 1969. A suspension part broke on his Lotus-Ford and resulted in his closest brush with death.





Among Andretti's many sponsors is the British cigarette John Player's, but he admits, "They're a little strong for me."

With Mario was his racing family. His wife Dee Ann wore a red and white jacket and slacks. She's a feisty lady with sparkling eyes, behind big round glasses, and a curly head of reddishblond hair. Mario's father Alvise was so mellow and jovial it was hard to recall that he'd once sternly forebade his twin sons' racing. The other son, Aldo, was also at the breakfast table. He manages the Andretti brothers' Firestone stores in Indianapolis. Both brothers were eager racers once, building their own stock cars. Aldo crashed in one of them in 1958 and raced little thereafter.

After breakfast Mario drove to the

track to talk to the Lotus staff about his car before practice started. Chapman and company hadn't arrived, so Mario visited with driver Ronnie Peterson, the Swede who'll be his JPS-Lotus teammate in 1978. Mario told Ronnie that he was going all-out after the world championship in '78, and he didn't expect anything or anyone, including Peterson, to stand in his way.

When Chapman finally arrived at the John Player motor home, with his tall, slim engineer deputy, Nigel Bennett, Mario had already stripped off his tailored jeans and patterned shirt, and pulled on a flame-resistant Nomex long-sleeved undershirt. Then he put on Nomex socks and leggings while they chatted about the weather outlook (rain) and the adjustments the sensitive Lotus

would need to work well on the Watkins Glen track. "We always have a bit of understeer here," said Chapman. "It's an understeer circuit."

Andretti slipped into a heavy white one-piece driving suit, studded with the vital patches his sponsors pay for. He laced up boxing-style shoes and walked up the muddy path to the track.

After the Lotus was warmed up, Mario finished his meticulous preparations. A Nomex mask covered all of his head but the eyes. Over that came the red-trimmed silver helmet, size 7 1/8, with the sticker on the back: "BLOOD TYPE AB NEG." (It is an exceptionally rare type.)

For an hour and a half in the morning and an hour in the afternoon Andretti practiced. The practice was not for him; he'd raced here many times. It was for adjusting the car. Andretti and Chapman tested gear ratios, suspension bump stops, antiroll-bar thicknesses, spring stiffnesses, tire temperature differentials, wing settings, side-skirt heights—the numberless details that, in concert, add up to speed.

At 5:30 Mario, Dee Ann and I tucked ourselves into an Alfa Romeo for the trip back to town. Andretti drove with flair, sliding the coupe around gravel backroad bends.

"If it rains on Sunday," I asked, "will that improve your chances?"

"On a damp racetrack," he said, "we usually fly with that car. In Sweden, when it was drizzling, I was putting four seconds on everybody. I was driving right at the top of the corners, right on the edge, just opposite the groove. That gets slick when it's wet. The dirtier the surface is, the better it is when it's wet. I'm surprised not everyone catches on to that."

Mario paused, then added, "I'll tell you why. Really your heart gets jammed in your throat. You've got no margin at all. You go into a corner and you've got, like, two or three inches before you go off. You've gotta really trust it, you know?"

Mario lit up a Saratoga menthol, and since I had yet to see him smoke a John Player's cigarette, I said, "I see you don't smoke your sponsor's produce."

"Quite honestly, they're a little strong for me," he said, laughing. "I only smoke five or six cigarettes a day."

Around eight that evening we drove to Pierce's, the best restaurant in Elmira, N.Y., for dinner, and en route I asked Mario for details about his negotiations with Ferrari for the '78 season. Old man Ferrari had not given up hope of getting this tiger on his team.

"I think if I was really 100-percent free to go with Ferrari," Andretti told me, "I would have done it. You see, last

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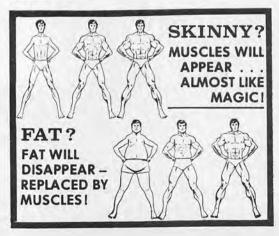
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summer when I was asked to sign a letter of agreement to drive for Lotus in '78, there was only one other job I'd have wanted, and that was number one for Ferrari. And as far as I could see, there was no way Niki Lauda would give that up. So I signed with Lotus. feeling I couldn't do better. Colin has treated me quite well. He really has. But then Niki went to Brabham, and the Ferrari job was open.'

"So you went to see Mr. Ferrari?"

"Yeah. And right off, instead of insisting on having all my racing time, he asked me how many of the Formula 1 races I could make. That really surprised me. And later, when it was time to talk about terms, I suggested he make an offer. He said, 'I could not put a price on your talent.' Well, that really got me. That shows you the kind of gentleman he is. Later they made me a generous offer and I had to consider it.'

"But you decided to stick with your commitment to Lotus."

"If I'd had a disappointing season with them, I would have broken the contract, you see. But is it worth all that hassle when it might not be all that rosy on the other side?" Mario leaned toward me. "You know, I think it would have been valuable to have worked with Ferrari in one way: His sense of honor."

When I saw Mario next, he was climbing into his Lotus cockpit on the starting grid for the U.S. Grand Prix at the Glen. He had been only fourth-fastest qualifier. Rain had cut down on practice, preventing him and his crew from reaching the ideal settings for the car. And the lowering, showery weather promised rain for the race. Most teams switched to special deep-treaded rain tires before the starting flag sent them off in a swirling fog of spray.

Hans Stuck's red Brabham-Alfa led, then spun off. James Hunt went into the lead, and behind him, throwing up its own rainy roostertail, was Andretti's Lotus. Mario was unable to make up ground on Hunt. As I watched from the Lotus pit with a handful of laps to go, I thought about what a friend had said before the start: "Whenever Andretti races, there's an incredible excitement. There always seems to be a chance he'll find a way to win, no matter what the odds." The aggressive Andretti spirit was as obvious to spectators as it was to racing insiders.

Suddenly it seemed Mario was reaching out to gobble up Hunt. I could sense the intensity in the hunched figure in the Lotus cockpit as the 15-second gap to first place shrank to nine seconds, then five and then two seconds on the last lap. The track was wet and I thought of

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where you can take even a 10year old car and blaze across 6 states
of the union on a single tank of gas —
drive from New York to Chicago on less
much as 31, 35, even 47% more miles
a gallon . . . as reported by actual "in-traffic" usage runs.
Yes, save up to 30 gallons of gas each month, up to 350
gallons of gas each month, up to 350
yearly fuel bills — step up gasoline mileage by as much as
5, 6, even 7 MORE MILES PER GALLON. All by simply converting ordinary air into a second source of high-powered
energy . . with just a simple, 60-second change that even
a schoolboy can do!

I'VE ACTUALLY SEEN A CAR WITH OVER 200,000 MILES

I'VE ACTUALLY SEEN A CAR WITH OVER 200,000 MILES BOOST GASOLINE MILEAGE BY 7 MORE MILES PER GALLON — WITH JUST THIS ONE 60-SECOND CHANGE!

GALLON — WITH JUST THIS ONE 50-SECOND CHANGE!
Yes, from this day on you are going to do to your car what
automotive experts now do to their cars. You are going to
do to your car what California university researchers have
proven time and time again. You are going to take ordinary
air — the very same air you breathe — air that costs you
absolutely nothing — and you are going to convert that air
into a source of piston-driving power for your car _ . . get
such staggering boosts in mileage, horsepower and performance, you may only have to: FILL YOUR GAS TANK AS LITTLE AS ONCE A MONTH! Here's how:

STOP RUNNING YOUR CAR ON 12¢ EXPLOSIONS!

STOP RUNNING YOUR CAR ON 12¢ EXPLOSIONS!

Right now your car runs on a very simple principle. You step on the gas-pedal and pump an air-gas mixture from your carburetor into your cylinders. There, a spark explodes it. This air-gas explosion is the lifeblood of your car. Only there's one trouble. Even though you invest as much as 65¢ to 70¢ for each gallon of gas. __all you get in return is as little as a puny 12¢ explosion __ a mere 12¢ worth of usable power. Because most of that air-gas mixture never fully explodes __. In fact, never even warms up.

And if you want to prove this to yourself, simply take a wad of cotton, hold it next to your exhaust pipe and idle your engine. What happens to that cotton in the next 2 minutes will absolutely shock you. Because in less than 2 minutes that cotton ball will be damp and clammy from wasted, unused gas. Why this incredible waste?

LOOK HOW EASY IT IS!

All you do is simply slip the TURBO-DYNE ENERGY



the TURBO-DYNE ENERGY CHAMBER onto the line leading from your engine to your carburetor and simply screw into place. (As simple as screwing in a lightbulb). Why it's so easy and so quick that even a schoolboy can do it. In fact, even if you never lifted the hood of your car before it takes but 60 seconds to install. (Naturally, easy 1 — 2 — 3 step-by-step instructions accompany each unit). And since it is a precision instrument, there are no special adjustments for you to make. They've already been made for you at the factory. Total time to install — 60 seconds. Total savings on gas: up to \$200 a year.

SPECIAL NOTE: The "TURBO-DYNE ENERGY CHAMBER" — is not for use on fuel injected, diesel or super-charged cars (such as Mercedes, Volvo and Maserrati racing car).



THIS 1958 CADILLAC GETS BETTER GAS MILEAGE THAN THIS TINY FOREIGN "ECONOMY" CAR . . . SO CAN YOUR CAR TOO! What's the secret? AIR! That's right . . . Now thanks to an amazing automotive discovery you can actually convert air into piston-driving power, so that instead of relying on gas alone you can simply step on the accelerator and turn air into energy while you drive. For documented proof of just how this wondrous "Air-to-Energy" discovery can save you up to \$200 in gas bills in the next 12 months alone . . . read the rest of this page. See no-risk trial offer below. (Test performed by leading research University).

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FROM A MACHINE THAT'S GOT THE POWER OF A GIANT BUT THE MIND OF AN INFANT!

THE POWER OF A GIANT BUT THE MIND OF AN INFANTI Because as any automotive engineer will tell you, your carburetor, (which was invented in 1901 and hasn't been improved since then), is nothing more than an old-fashioned pump without a mind, without a brain. It cannot trigulate itself to varying driving speeds. It only knows one thing. Blindly pump — pump — pump a steady flow of gas all the time . . . BUT WITHOUT EVER ADJUSTING THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF AIR. Which means, every time you step on that gas-pedal . . be it at idle or 70 miles per hour . . your "midget-mind" carburetor pumps and force-feeds your engine with up to 4 TIMES AS MUCH GASOLINE AS IT ACTUALLY NEEDS . BUT STARVES YOUR ENGINE OF THE OXYGEN-RICH AIR so vital to explode all that gasoline. The result of this "over-drowning" with too much gas and too little air? A difference of as much as 2 GALLONS OF GAS EVERY 60 MINUTES YOU DRIVE! (or in plain dollars and cents a difference of as much as \$1.50 a day — \$10.00 a week — \$300.00 to \$500.00 a year).

BUT WHAT A DIFFERENT STORY IF SOMEHOW YOUR ENGINE COULD THINK!

In other words, right now there is simply no way for your present "no-brain" engine to effectively meter the right amount of air coming into your engine ... and convert the oxygen in that air into a super-blazing source of extra power by effectively exploding all the fuel fed into your cyclinders (the same way jet airliners are now economy-designed to scoop in air with their giant suction-fan engines).

BUT NOW — YOU GET SO MANY FREE, EXTRA MILES YOU CAN ACTUALLY SAVE UP TO 2 GALLONS OF GAS EVERY HOUR YOU DRIVE!

EVERY HOUR YOU DRIVE!

But suppose that automotive experts told you that NOW, without changing a single part in your engine ... by simply adding one simple attachment to your car ... the very same wonder-invention that has been tested in Governmental research labs ... you could add a "brain" to your engine ... a mechanical genius that would automatically feed to your engine the right amount of air. Even more significant, suppose these same automotive experts showed you laboratory PROOF ... PROOF that has been filed with both State and Federal Government agencies of how this wondrous new invention actually helps CONVERT THE OXYGEN IN THAT AIR INTO RAW, BLAZING POWER PLUS FREE EXTRA MILES PER GALLON mile after mile! Why, do you realize what this PER GALLON mile after mile! Why, do you realize what this

NOW! FINALLY POSSIBLE! UP TO ALMOST TWICE THE MILEAGE ON NOT A SINGLE EXTRA DROP OF GAS!

It means that from this day on you can actually take ordinary air ... and convert it to a second source of power for your car, Yes, gallons and gallons of air suddenly turned into thousands of miles of FREE driving power. Air that costs you absolutely nothing, automatically converted into SUPER BLAZING HORSEPOWER day in, day out for the life of your car! BLAZING HORSEPUWEN day in, day out for the life of your dar. Why now you'll save up to \$18 a month on your gas bills. Now you'll drive for hundreds of miles at a time and swear to yourself the needle on your gas gauge must be stuck... and you'll get more power, more smooth and quiet performance than ever before thanks to this air-to-energy discovery!

NOW! CONVERT AIR INTO ENERGY — GET FOREIGN CAR ECONOMY — EVEN FROM BIG LUXURY SEDANS — MORE MILES PER GALLON THAN YOU EVER DREAMED POSSIBLE!

The name of this breakthrough development that finally makes it possible for you to effectively convert air into energy is the "TURBO-DYNE ENERGY CHAMBER". It is the very same "air-converter" that has been tested and proven in leading university labs. Tested and proven by fleet owners, industrial glants, consumers and heads of transportation departments where it racked up incredible mileage savings of as much as 40% more miles per gallon!

So, if you are sick and tired of wasting hundreds of gallons of gasoline each year . . . if you would like to stop this ridiculous dollar-drain ONCE AND FOR ALL by simply harnessing the power in ordinary air and saving hundreds of dollars doing it . . . then take advantage of this exciting dollars doing it . no-risk trial offer:

COSTS LESS THAN A TANKFUL OF GAS — PAYS FOR ITSELF IN LESS THAN 30 DAYS!

Most exciting of all, the price of the TURBO-DYNE ENERGY CHAMBER is not the \$40 or \$50 you might expect for a pre-cision air-converter but only \$12.95. . less than the cost of a tankful of gas. And you'll easily save as much as 10 times that price in just the first few months of use.

REMEMBER IBER — YOU PROVE IT YOURSELF Entirely at our riski

Yes, you must save up to \$18 worth of gas each and every month — save up to \$200 in fuel each year — you must get at least up to 7 MORE MILES PER GALLON — or your money refunded in full (except for postage and handling, of course). mer Inc. Caroline Road, Phila PA 19176

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|---|--|-----|---|
| | MAIL NO-RISK | 1 | ĺ |
| | PRATT-AMERICAN, Dept. JTDF-44 Caroline Road, Philadelphia, PA 19176 Yes, I want to try the amazing new TURBO-DYNE ENERGY CHAMBER entirely at your risk, with this understanding: It must slip onto my car in 60-seconds or less and be as easy | | |
| | to screw in as a lightbulb it must instantly boost gaso- line mileage up to 7 MORE MILES PER GALLON — up to 200 more miles per tankful — it must save me up to \$18 | | |
| | the very first month up to \$200 OR MORE the very first year — or I may return it for a full refund of my purchase price, (except for postage and handling, of course). | | |
| | OUTOV OFFER DESIDED | | |

CHECK OFFER DESIRED

1 TURBO-DYNE ENERGY CHAMBER — Only \$12.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling.

SPECIAL MONEY SAVING OFFER: Order 2, one for yourself, one for a friend — Only \$21.95 plus \$1 for postage and handling. (A savings of \$3.95).

Div. of American Co

| tax. Check or mon | ODAY — PA residents add 6% sales ck or money order, no CODs please. IT: (check one) Exp. Date Americard/Visa er Charge Bank Number — American Express | | |
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| Credit Card # | | | |
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| Address | | Apt. # | |
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| Make of Second C | ar | Year | |

How to Achieve Total Financial Freedom in 1978

A MUTUAL CONCERN. We've never met and probably never will, but I think we share a common interest. That interest is in achieving complete and total financial freedom.

Recently my net worth reached the *magic million dollar mark*, and it only took me 48 months to achieve that.

That might not impress you, but if you had seen me just a few years ago, you might wonder how I did it. I lived in Denver then, in a cramped, tumbled down house at 2545 South High Street. My wife was expecting our second child and we were so broke we had to borrow \$150.00 from a relative just to buy food and pay the rent.

By the way, I know I didn't make a million dollars because of my superior intellect — I barely got through Ames High School (Ames, Iowa) with a C average. I did a little better later on but I soon realized that a salaried job was not the way to become financially free. If you'll stop and think, you'll realize that millionaires do not work 10, 20, or 50 times harder or longer than you.

FINANCIAL FREEDOM. It seems that most people who are charging for financial advice have studied how to "do it" but have never actually "done it" themselves. You will find as you read my formulas, that since I have actually achieved total financial freedom myself, that you will receive from me more than just the motivation to achieve your own financial independence, but a workable step-by-step plan to actually do it.

STEP-BY-STEP. Contained in the work entitled *How To Wake Up The Financial Genius Inside You* are the various formulas which will show you exactly how you can do each of the following:

- buy income properties for as little as \$100 down
- begin without any cash.
- put \$10,000 cash and more in your pocket each time you buy (without selling property.)
- compounds your assets at 100% yearly.
- legally avoid paying federal or state income taxes.
- buy bargains at one-half the market value.

MORE LEISURE. If you apply these formulas and methods you will find in a very short time, you will be able to do almost anything you care to do, and I think, at that time, you will find as I have, that spending several weeks on the beaches of Hawaii, or on the ski slopes of Colorado, or just sightseeing in Europe, or any other place in the world, you begin to understand what real freedom is all about.

Most people think that it would be impossible to do some of the things listed above. For example, to buy a property, and at the same time put \$10,000 (or more) cash in your pocket without selling the property, or to buy a property with little or no cash down.

Believe me, it is possible and fairly simple. This is exactly how most wealthy people ac-



What are your Financial Possibilities in 1978? Mark O. Haroldsen became a millionaire in four years because he found a way to harness inflation to his benefit. Now it's your turn! "I've found" says Haroldsen, "that most people just need a specific road map to follow . . . they can do what I've done."

tually do make 10, 20, or 50 times more money than you do.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. While I was struggling on making my first million, I often thought how nice it would be to have the personal advice and counsel from someone like Howard Hughes or J. Paul Getty.

What would I have been willing to pay for this service? I can tell you one more thing for sure, it would have been a lot more than the \$10.00 that I'm going to ask you to invest in your financial future. country lose, not because they lack intelligence, or even willpower, but because of procrastination, or lack of action — please don't be like the masses. Make a decision while you have this paper in your hands. Make a decision now to either act now and send for my material or immediately round file this paper. If your decision is to order, do it now, not later. Otherwise you may lose, just by default.

"FINANCIAL FREEDOM." To order, simply take any size paper, write the words "Financial Freedom," your name and ad-

"... more than 150,000 people have discovered that my formulas will provide the road map that can lead to total financial freedom..."

FOR YOUR FUTURE. What will this \$10.00 actually do for you? It will give you a complete step-by-step plan that you can follow to become totally and completely financially independent.

Please try to understand my dilemma. I'm not a New York advertising agency with all their professional skill and manpower to write a powerful and persuasive ad to convince you that I can make you financially independent. I am just somebody who has actually 'done it', and can really show you how to 'do it'.

TEST IT YOURSELF. It's really quite frustrating to have something so valuable as I know I have, but lack the skill to convince people to try it for themselves. I hope by my simple direct approach I can convince you to try my formulas.

INDECISION — THE COSTLY DECISION.
It seems the majority of the people in our rich

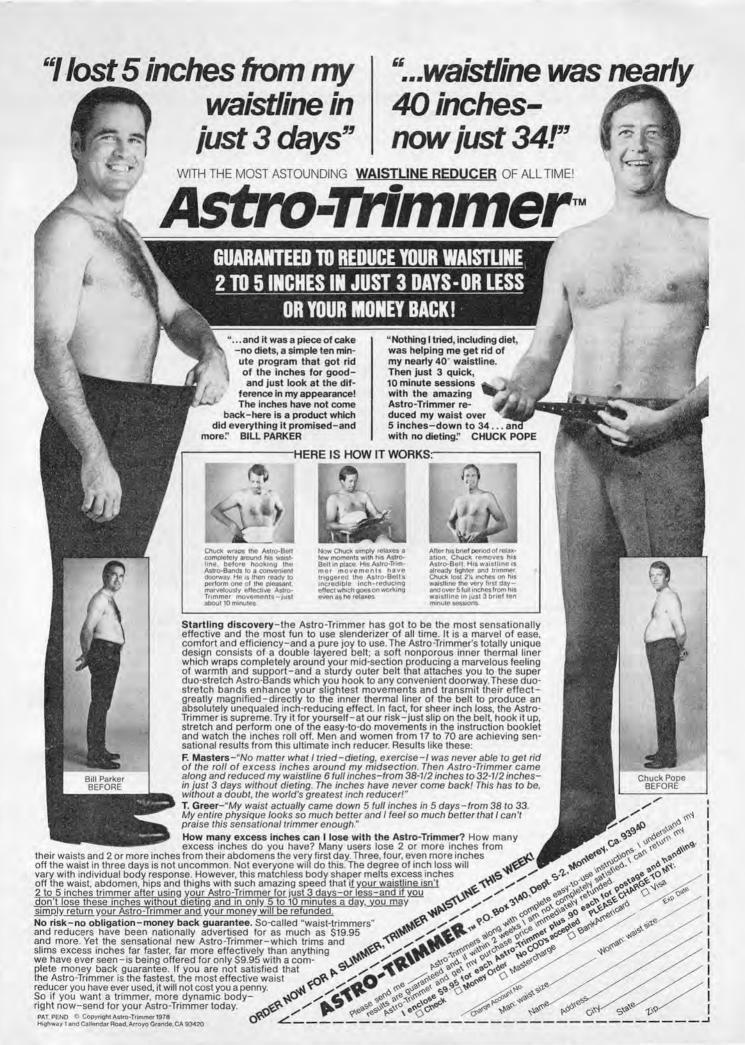
dress, and send it along with a check for \$10.00 to Mark O. Haroldsen, Inc., Dept. G-224, Tudor Mansion Bldg., 4751 Holladay Blvd., Salt Lake City, Utah 84117.

If you send for my materials now, I will also send you documents that will show you precisely how you can borrow from \$20,000 to \$200,000 at 2% above the prime rate using just your signature as collateral.

IT'S GUARANTEED. If you are still somewhat skeptical, and believe me, when I started out I certainly was, because of the many people in the world trying to deceive others, I would encourage you to postdate your check by 30 days, and I promise and guarantee that it will not be deposited for at least those 30 days, and if for any reason you do not think that what I have sent you lives up, in every aspect to what I told you in this letter, send the material back, and I will quickly, without question, refund your money and send back your own uncashed check or money order.

Inquire at your local bookstore for Mark Haroldsen's "How to Wake Up the Financial Genius Inside You."

*M2 @ Mark O. Haroldsen, Inc. 1978



Tiger

Mario's words: "Really your heart gets jammed in your throat." The tension was explosively released by the checkered flag that caught Andretti still two seconds behind.

When the Lotus splashed to a stop in front of its pit, it vanished in a crowd of crewmen and spectators. Chapman, grinning, leaned down and hugged Mario. Mario clambered out, tugged off his helmet and mask and waded through the swarms of well-wishers and autograph-seekers to the team motor home.

After a change to a long-sleeved chambray shirt and tan corduroy slacks, Mario, in his nasal draw, replayed the

race for the press.

"I didn't think I could catch Hunt," said Mario. "I'd figured I'd cruise in for second, you know? After all, it's the first second I've got this year. I could have done with a few more instead of DNFs [did not finishes]. But I saw from the way the crowd was acting that something was happening, and pretty soon there Hunt was. I assume I caught him asleep. So I said, 'Might as well give it a try.' But then he caught on."

When Mario said "give it a try," he meant an all-out effort, a chancy one on heavily worn tires on a wet track. Sure, Hunt had slowed a little toward the end, but that alone didn't account for the 13 seconds Andretti made up. When a writer asked if he'd kept anything in reserve, Mario looked at him as if he were insane. Yet Mario managed a polite reply: "Well, no, I don't think you could say I was holding anything back." He

never does.

Later I visited Mario at home in Nazareth, near the Pennsylvania Dutch country. His home was one of the largest of a new-looking row on Victory Lane.

While Mario finished some phone business, I looked around his small paneled den, crowded with photos of his career. I counted 28 plaques and awards on the walls. Civic groups had recognized his outstanding service.

A few minutes later, Mario and I moved into the living room and I asked about his brutal racing and travel schedule

"Take this month of October," he said. "It's six races in five weekends. First there was the Glen. Canada was next, then two races in California. Then Japan, and Phoenix next weekend. After that I have testing to do for both Lotus and Roger Penske. Then the season starts for me again in the second week of January."

"And your overseas travel?"

"I think it's gonna be somewhere around 18 ocean crossings, right around 300,000 miles." "Who foots the bill for that?"

"I do. The team pays for testing. For the races, my deal is such that I pay my own expenses. I guess they'll run about \$40,000 this year. And you can add \$60,000 to that for my plane." He owns a twin-engined Piper Navajo Chieftain that's crewed for him by a local flying service.

"That's the price you pay for the pleasure of coming back to this very nice location." I suggested.

"That's right. I even came back here between Argentina and Brazil just to spend a weekend snowmobiling up at the lake." He paused and grinned. "That's an extra 14-hour flight and



"I used to be more tolerant of failures than I am now," says Mario, concerned about time running out on his quest for a world championship in Formula 1.

about \$1,800. ''

Andretti obviously loves his pressure-packed lifestyle, and particularly Grand Prix racing.

"Quite honestly," he said, sitting bolt upright, "I thought I'd be in Formula 1 maybe a couple of years. In '75 when I got in I figured, well, I'll do '75, '76 and '77 and I think I'll have my fill. Now all of a sudden I find there's no way I could leave this for anything else. No way. First of all, I think it's more lucrative than anything else I can do. Which is important. I won't hide that. And secondly, there's nothing else that comes close to giving me the satisfaction. I mean, not even close!"

Mario was more enthusiastic than I'd ever seen him, on the verge of glowing. "How long that's gonna last, I really don't know. I find that instead of losing

interest, I'm gaining it. Because now I know what it's all about—I've got the feel of it. And I don't feel like I want to give it up, see?" He smiled. "When you do it, and you win races, and you've got the championship"—he reached out a grasping right hand—"just about there, you feel you can go for it. And I don't think I'll be satisfied until I give it a valiant, valiant try."

That valiant try seems to be coming late in the racing life of Mario Andretti, and I said, "It seems you feel the pressure of the passage of time. There's an urgency to you and your objectives. Maybe four or five years ago, talking to you, somebody wouldn't have sensed the same feeling of the sands slipping

through the hourglass. . . . "

"Yeah, I must agree with you," he said slowly. "As a matter of fact, I even find myself anticipating that a little bit too much. I honestly feel I have a good five years left in my career, so no use panicking. But then I find myself thinking, 'Shit, another one went under,' you know? I used to be a lot more tolerant of failures than I am now. Yeah. I'd like to see that glass, the sand, still full. I've been there, you know? Sometimes I think it's more empty than it really is."

Mario suggested that he could focus his skills better now because he was more mature, more certain of his goals. "Because of that," he explained, "I feel that I can peak my career between now and 40. I feel I can do a lot smarter racing now than I ever could before."

I knew what he meant. There are ways to jab and feint on the track, to outsmart the other guy, that have nothing to do with sheer speed. They're the tools that only experience can give you. And with experience you also learn how important it is to be ultrasmooth in these modern cars, which resent clumsiness. I asked: "You mean not just how to go fast but how to beat people?"

"That's right. I feel that I don't have to do it just out of bravery. But I still have a tendency, sometimes, to let some of the young, inexperienced drivers take over, and it pisses me off." He pushed himself erect and frowned. The irrepressible spirit that makes this man such a favorite of race fans around the world also causes him baffling pain.

"Just like in Japan," he continued. "I tried to take two cars in one corner, and the only thing that I miscalculated was that I trusted the other guy too much, see? I made a mistake that I woulda made when I was 25, and I take pride in not making those mistakes now. Yet I made it, and kicked myself all the way back across the ocean. I should have been a little bit cooler there, but I wasn't. It only tells me that, shit, I'm still a tiger in my own self."

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A haunting blend of rum and tropical fruit flavors to titillate your taste. Our Piña Colada. Mixed for you like nobody but The Club can. Just like all The Club cocktails, it's perfect. Not surprising. We've mixed more drinks than anyone else in the world. All that's left for you

to do is enjoy.

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FACT 3: We have a patent on flavor in low 'tar' cigarettes: #3828800.

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